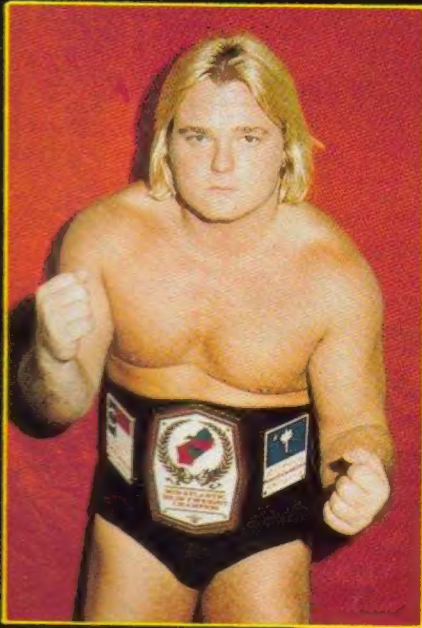


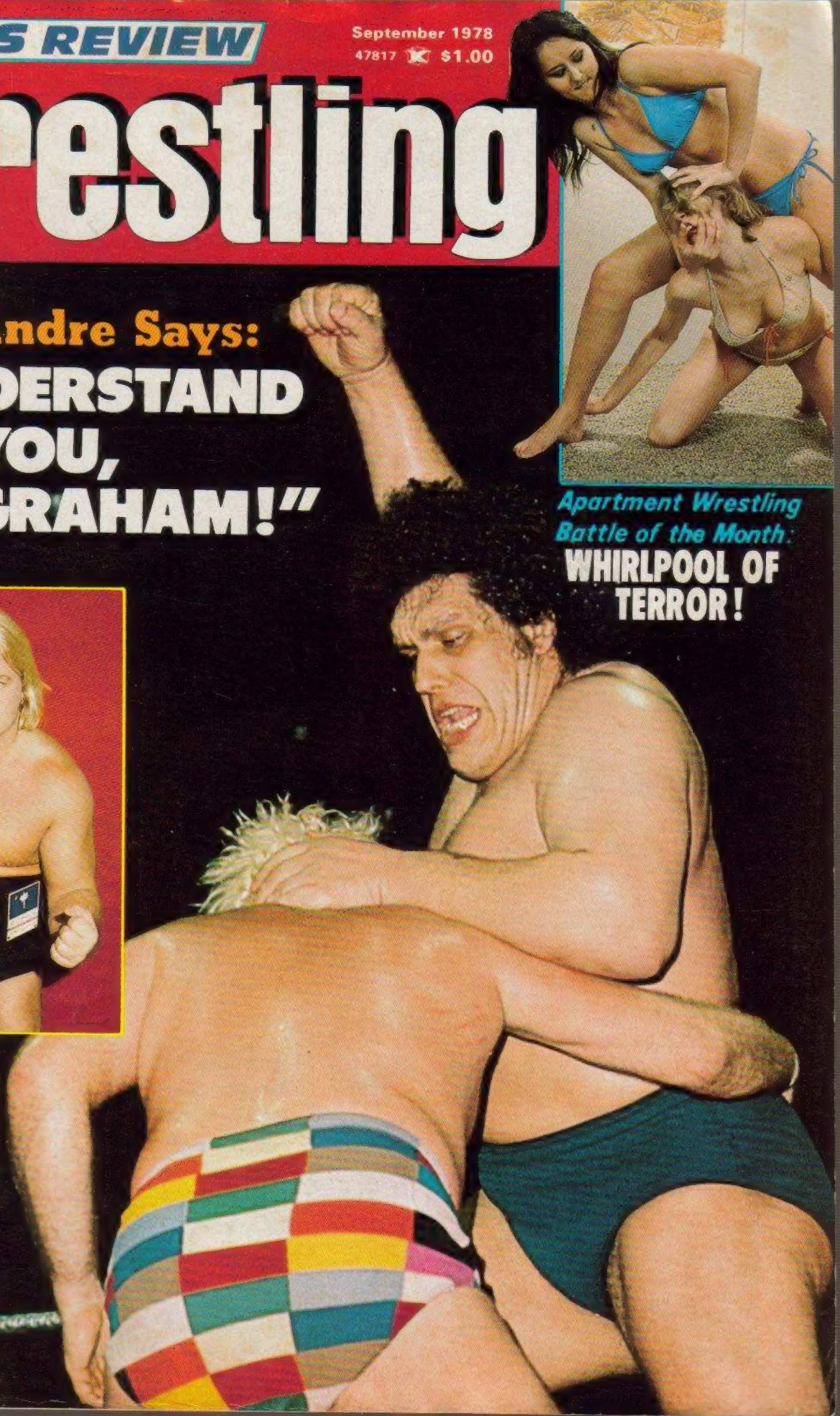
# Wrestling

**Why Andre Says:  
"I UNDERSTAND  
YOU,  
LUKE GRAHAM!"**

*Apartment Wrestling  
Battle of the Month:*  
**WHIRLPOOL OF  
TERROR!**



**GREG  
VALENTINE:  
BLOND  
TERROR**





# OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

## WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

Champion: BOB BACKLUND

- 1—SPIROS ARION
- 2—GEORGE STEELE
- 3—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM
- 4—DUSTY RHODES
- 5—TATSUMI FUJINAMI (Jr. Heavyweight Champ)
- 6—MIL MASCARAS
- 7—KEN PATERA
- 8—DINO BRAVO
- 9—PETER MAIVIA
- 10—KOBAYASHI

## AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

Champion: NICK BOCKWINKLE

- 1—CRUSHER
- 2—RAY STEVENS
- 3—BILLY ROBINSON
- 4—PAT PATTERSON
- 5—BOB ORTON JR.
- 6—JIM BRUNZELL
- 7—GREG GAGNE
- 8—BLACKJACK LANZA
- 9—ANGELO MOSCA
- 10—RUFUS R. JONES

## MOST POPULAR

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 3—BOB BACKLUND
- 4—MIL MASCARAS
- 5—JACK BRISCO
- 6—CRUSHER
- 7—DINO BRAVO
- 8—PAUL JONES
- 9—MR. WRESTLING II
- 10—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM



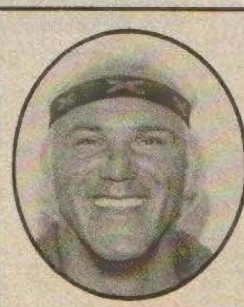
GEORGE STEELE



CRUSHER



JACK BRISCO



SUPERSTAR GRAHAM

## NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

Champion: HARLEY RACE

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—JACK BRISCO
- 3—RIC FLAIR
- 4—STAN HANSEN
- 5—BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
- 6—PAUL JONES
- 7—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 8—TERRY FUNK
- 9—DICK SLATER
- 10—KEN PATERA

## TAG TEAMS

- 1—PAUL JONES & RICK STEAMBOAT
- 2—DINO BRAVO & DOMINIC DeNUCCI
- 3—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL
- 4—MIKE GRAHAM & STEVE KEIRN
- 5—JACK & JERRY BRISCO
- 6—THE LUMBERJACKS
- 7—LUKE & SUPERSTAR GRAHAM
- 8—RAY STEVENS & PAT PATTERSON
- 9—THE VALIANT BROTHERS
- 10—RIC FLAIR & GREG VALENTINE

## MOST HATED

- 1—KEN PATERA
- 2—DICK SLATER
- 3—RIC FLAIR
- 4—GREG VALENTINE
- 5—THE SHEIK
- 6—KILLER KOX
- 7—CRAZY LUKE GRAHAM
- 8—GEORGE STEELE
- 9—NICK BOCKWINKLE
- 10—PAT PATTERSON



# THE TATTLER

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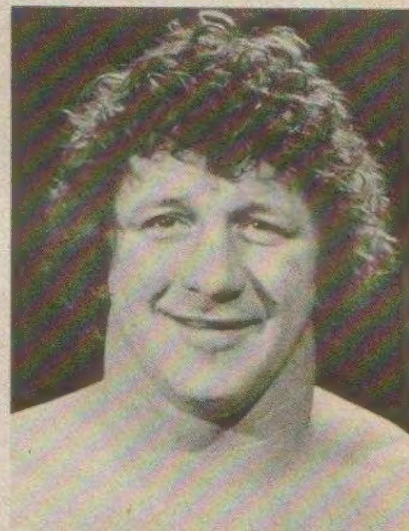
Amarillo, Tex.

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Memphis, Tenn.

**Barry Simon**

Tampa, Fla.



**TERRY FUNK**

**ST. LOUIS, MO.**—If it's not happening here, it's just not happening. Never before have we witnessed such a roster of stars and such superlative grappling as we have seen recently.

For instance, the return of Terry Funk to being a top contender was one of the most important wrestling stories in recent months. Terry's convincing triumph over tough Bob Duncum has shown everyone the former NWA king is a man to be feared.

Also making a name for  
(Continued on page 44)

Never before in this history of wrestling journalism have so many respected reporters been involved in so important a venture. The best wrestling correspondents from all over the world have been enlisted to report on the news behind the news. Every wrestling fan must consider this the most important column he can read!



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# MAILBAG



Many fans remark that Ric Flair is a ruthless man who gets his kicks hurting his opponents. Rick Steamboat is the one getting Flair's kicks (above).

## SICKENING, RUTHLESS, DISGUSTING

I would like to comment on the article on Ric Flair vs. Rick Steamboat. That had to be the most disgusting thing I have ever read. Ric Flair has to be the most sickening, ruthless, hateful man around. I wouldn't even want to be in the same state with him, let alone the same room with him. I wonder if he stopped to think that the things he would like to see happen to Steamboat could also happen to him. He said he couldn't be beat, but time has

shown us that it can happen.

Any man that would like to see another person crippled couldn't be all together up there. Here is one woman who would like to say, I think he stinks.

ELIZABETH CURTIS  
Parksley, Va.

## SHOULD HAVE BEEN WRITTEN LONG AGO

Thank you for an article that should have been written a long time ago, "A Tribute to Jay Strongbow" (April 1978). Strongbow has been in the WWWF for about eight years and only a few times in those eight years has he ever ventured into other areas. He is loyal to the WWWF and us fans here have always been loyal to him.

One thing, however, bothers me. In your article you claim he has never held a championship. The Chief has held the WWWF tag team title twice, once with Sonny King and more recently with Billy White Wolf.

BILL BRIDGE  
Barrington, R.I.

**Editor's Note:** We meant that Strongbow has never held the world singles title, Bill.

## FEEL SORRY FOR LUKE

I think it's terrible the way fans treat Luke Graham. The man obviously has something wrong with him and it's just cruel the way fans torment him.

The commissioners should step in and try and help Luke.



Should "Crazy" Luke Graham be in a wrestling ring or in a crazy house? Anyone who has seen him wrestle knows he is insane and will cripple opponents without caring.

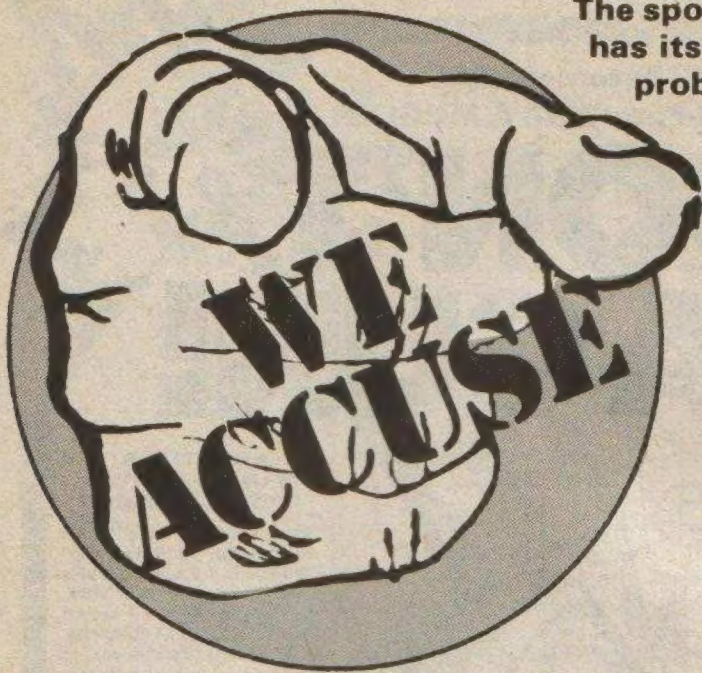
He shouldn't be wrestling. He should undergo psychiatric care and get his head fixed up so he can live a normal life. It infuriates me to see people torture someone with an affliction. They should have something wrong with them and then see how they like being harassed.

I don't have anything wrong with me, that's not why I'm writing this. I just have some decency about me, that's all.

GIL SILVERMAN  
Knoxville, Tenn.

(Continued on page 46)





The sport of wrestling, like any other sport, has its share of problems. Some of these problems are so outrageous they need to be pointed out and corrected as quickly as possible. When "We Accuse" points the finger at a target, fireworks are sure to follow!



The cops do everything in their power to drag a berserk George "The Animal" Steele back to the dressing room. Steele is a genuine "sicko" who should not be permitted to engage in combat in a professional wrestling arena.

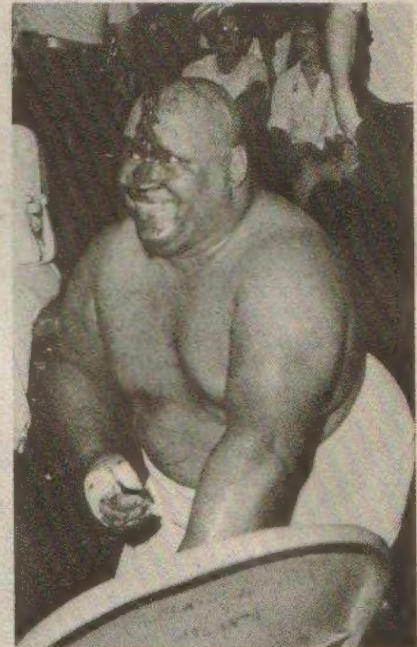
**T**HEIR CRAZED ACTIONS bring boos and jeers. They seem to be objects of torment. They are easy targets for ugly taunts from the crowd. Indeed, their actions only encourage such responses.

Yet these men, Crazy Luke Graham, Abdullah the Butcher, George "The Animal" Steele,

Bugsy McGraw, and others like them, should not be the victims of cruel reproach.

The boos and jeers must be directed at those who truly deserve it—the men who exploit these wrestlers.

The promoters who push men of obviously impaired mental faculties are the true villains in



Here is another mental case—Abdullah the Butcher. Note how he is smiling even though his head has been cracked open.

this story. They are the ones taking advantage of men who are inherently incapable of defending themselves and who serve as just so many carnival attractions to lure fans through the gates.

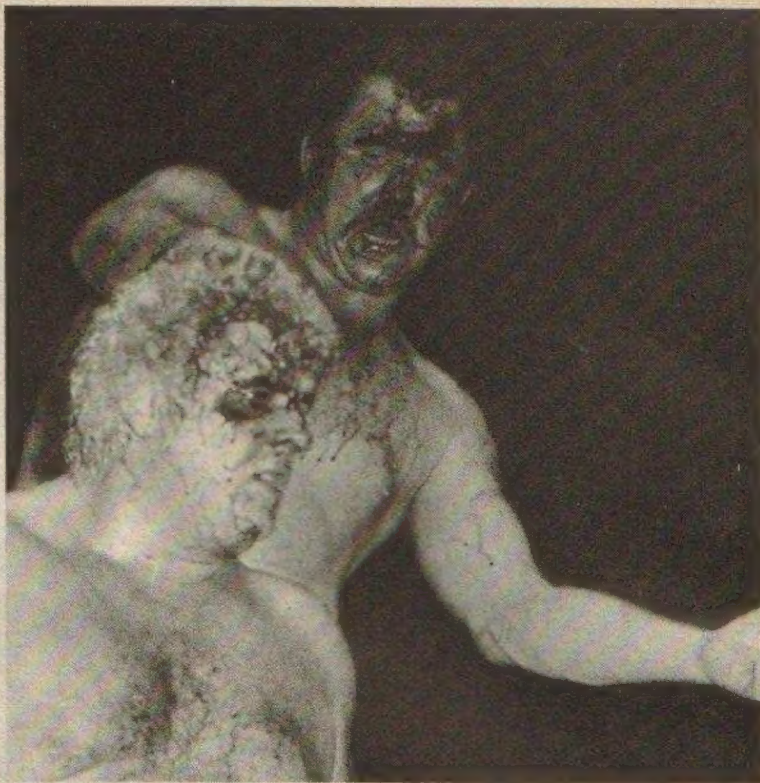
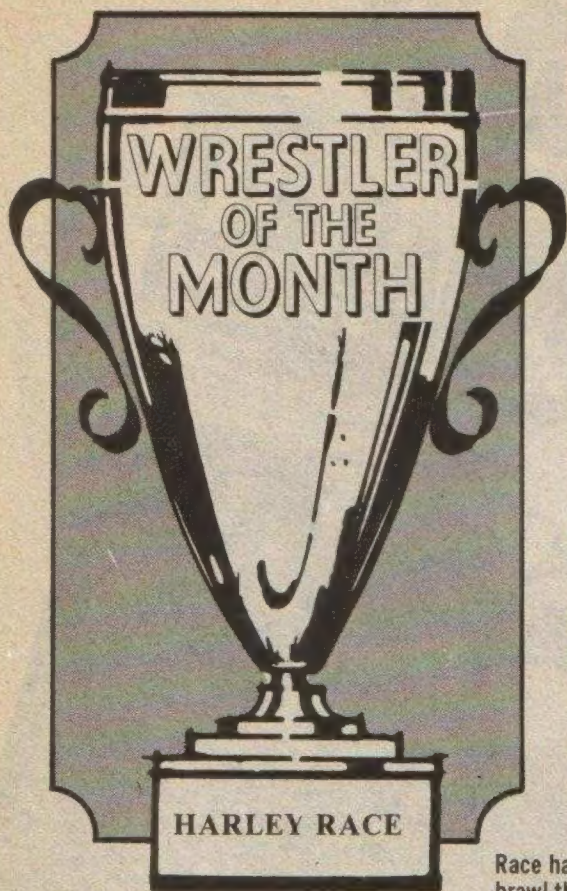
This is disgusting and must be stopped.

Mentally deranged wrestlers should not be wrestling. There is nothing startling about that. They cannot distinguish between what is right and wrong and have limited restraints on their behavior. That is how men become mutilated in the ring. That is how careers end.

It is impossible for any psychologist to certify the

*(Continued on page 48)*





Race has not ducked any top opponents. Dusty Rhodes and Race engage in a bloody brawl that will end in a draw. Race has wrestled almost every contender in the top 10 at least one time and has promised many a second try.

**I**T CERTAINLY DID not earn him any love. Instead he got what he wanted, the NWA belt. Harley Race wanted to be champion and now that he is, he probably just won't let go. We respect this man not because of the way he wrestles, but because of the men he wrestles. It is for this reason that we take this time to honor him as "Wrestler of the Month."

In most cases we would look up to any champ. The style and maneuvers that Race uses, in most cases, makes us look in the opposite direction. Many people even say that he brings disgrace to the title. One avid wrestling fan had this to say about Race. "I thought

all champs are nice and friendly. How can we respect him?"

We can respect him simply for the men he has defeated thus far. Among them are: The Sheik, Ox Baker, Killer Karl Kox, and Ric Flair. The fans love it when the rulebreakers get whipped. When any of the most disliked men in wrestling today are taught a good lesson, we admire whoever the winner is. Harley Race proved himself worthy of the title even though we all might not agree with his nasty tactics.

At times we cannot help ourselves by hating him. When we see Dusty Rhodes flat out on his back, not moving a muscle, we

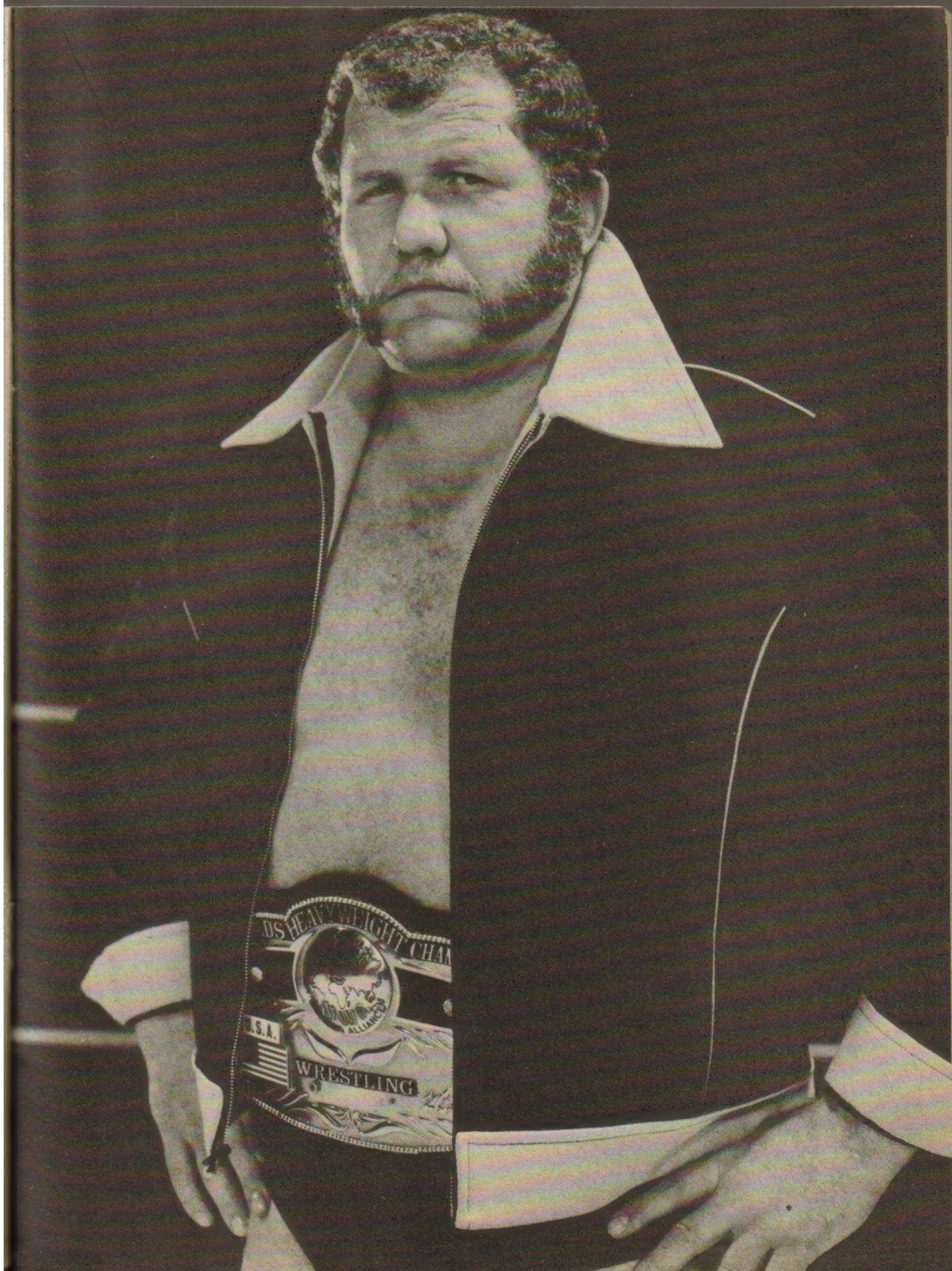
wish that Race were through as champion. We almost wish that he had never had the chance to be wearing the belt. But still, we have to admire him. It is not everyday that a man can get Dusty Rhodes into that much trouble.

Another controversial match which Harley won involved Jack Brisco. It was pretty even throughout most of it. Harley realized the need for more than just the usual wrestling maneuvers and started using some underhanded material. Harley simply says, "When you are wearing a belt before the start of a match, you have to do whatever you can to

*(Continued on page 50)*

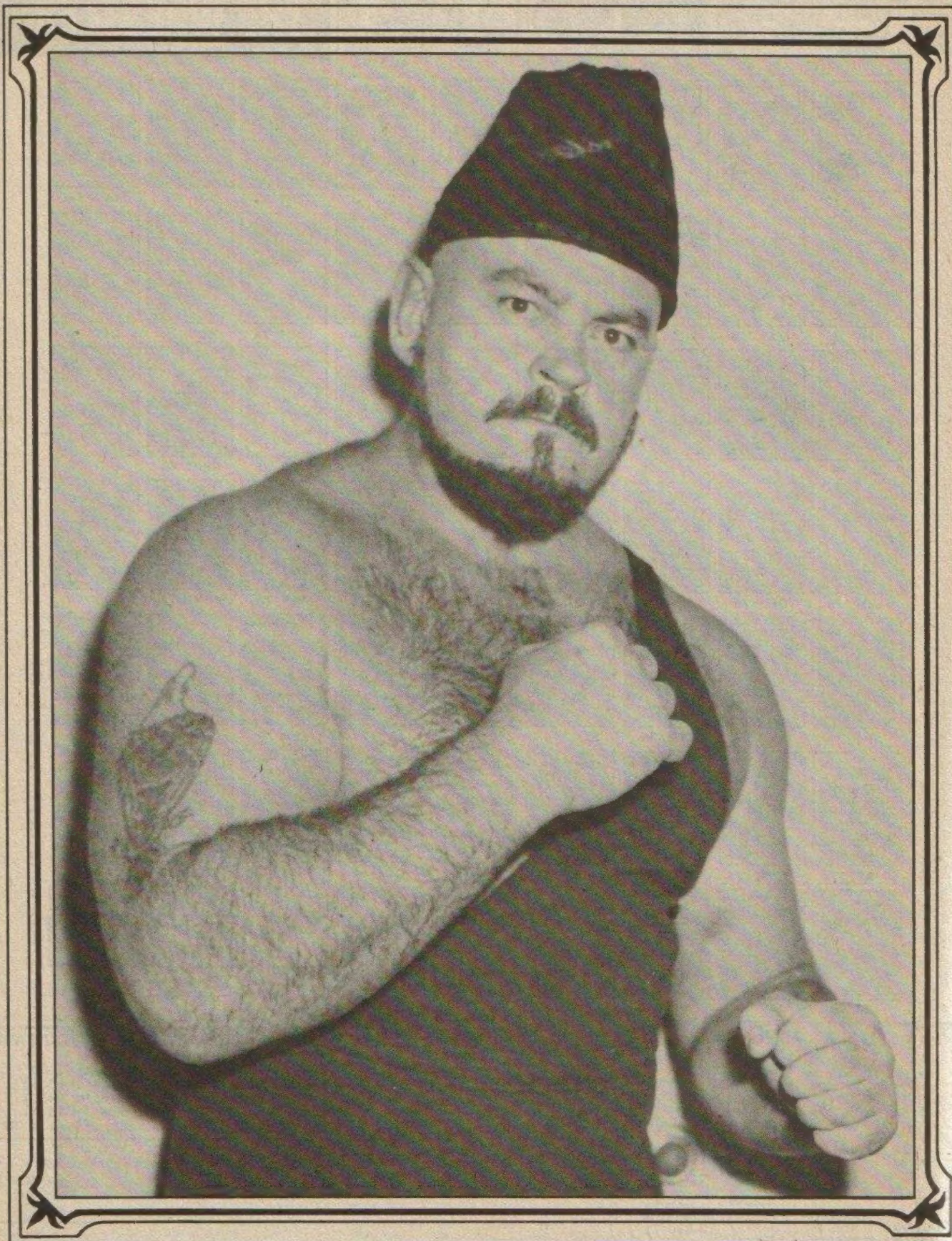
**Every month, the editors of SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING search the globe to find the one man whose achievements have surpassed those of all other wrestlers. Sometimes the selection may shock you. Other times you will be very pleased by the selection. But you will always agree our choice deserves to be "Wrestler of the Month!"**







**SPORTS REVIEW BONUS PINUP**



**IVAN KOLOFF**





## POINT: NICK BOCKWINKLE

**W**RESTLING IS A tough game. The human body collapses after 40. Those are two truths. That's why a wrestler should be made to retire after 40.

It's pathetic watching some of those old duffers stumble around the ring, ready victims for us younger guys. I feel sorry for those bums, most of them clumsy and senile. Someone should protect them since they can't defend themselves.

I've seen it too many times. Some old guy,

# POINT•COUNTERPOINT•POINT•C

## COUNTERPOINT: VERNE GAGNE

**I** AGREE WITH Nick Bockwinkle in only one thing he had to say. It is true that wrestling is a tough game. Everything else that he said made absolutely no sense. The man is clearly an idiot.

Age has nothing to do with the sport of wrestling. I know that and so does everyone else, even Bockwinkle. The man is so scared of me, it's pathetic. If he were a true man, he would just admit that. We can bet he never will, so he takes the easy way out and tells me to retire.

Sure I am in my 40's, so what? There are wrestlers here today that are older than that. I won't mention any names. But then again it really doesn't matter. If they are still able to wrestle, let them. We will know when we are finished. No one has to tell us.

I have seen many older wrestlers left crippled after a match, but I have seen it happen to the young guys too. We all have. Who the hell is Bockwinkle to come up with this idea now? It's absurd. If the commission saw any validity in his idea, I'm sure they would have done something by now. But it is so far out in left field, they are probably laughing louder than me at this very moment.

It is very easy for Bockwinkle to say that he won't wrestle his best when he goes against an



arthritic and stupid, says he can beat the best because "my veteran experience will more than make up for my slower movements." And Santa Claus will come to their houses and leave a G.I. Joe for them at Christmas. They've got about the same hope.

It's criminal that wrestling commissions allow these old guys to wrestle. They could get hurt. I don't want it on my conscience that I could injure one of the ancients. They should be put in homes like the rest of the crippled and lame.

No other sport tolerates these aged warhorses. Wrestling doesn't seem to realize compassion for these guys can really be dangerous to them. Why can't they sell insurance like other retired athletes? After all, a few of them can still add.

The truth of the matter is that wrestling is hurt by these guys. I know I don't wrestle my best against them out of fear of inflicting injury. Many wrestlers feel the same way. How do you think Verne Gagne survives?

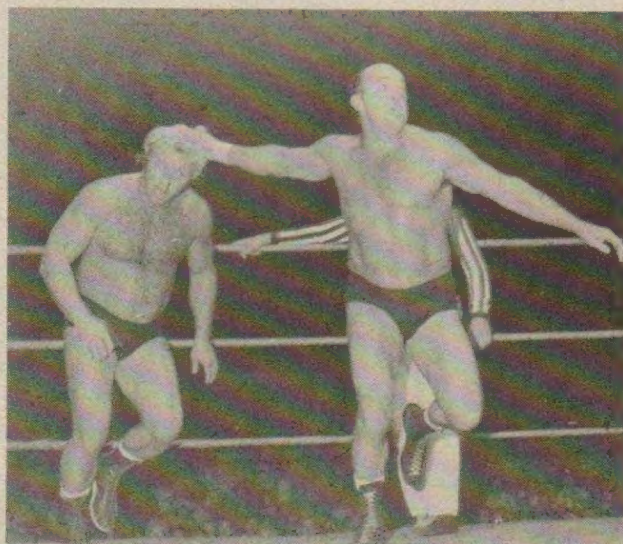
It's about time wrestling instituted a mandatory retirement age. It would be a pity to have to have the law because some tragedy forces their hand. I can see it now—the casket containing Verne Gagne is lowered into the ground. His son, Greg, turns to the commissioner, points, and accuses, "You killed my father! He shouldn't have been allowed to wrestle! Why didn't you listen to Nick Bockwinkle?" Do we have to live through that?

Wrestling can't wait a moment longer. Either we stop the old guys now or prepare to cry at their early funerals. □

## COUNTERPOINT • POINT • COUNTERP

*older wrestler. That way when he loses, he has the perfect excuse already lined up. We are not fools Nick. We know what you got up your sleeve. If you think that we are going to fall for that crock . . . then it's time for you to say goodbye. Not us.*

*Where would you young rookies be if we still weren't around? You need us to show you the real moves, the ones that count. How would you know what to do if it wasn't for us? There is certainly no denying that fact. We are needed. I plan to be around for as long as I can. Why should I leave anyway? I never felt better in my life. I can hold my own in any arena in this country. It will be a sad day in wrestling when we have to retire at age 40, but I know that day will never come.* □

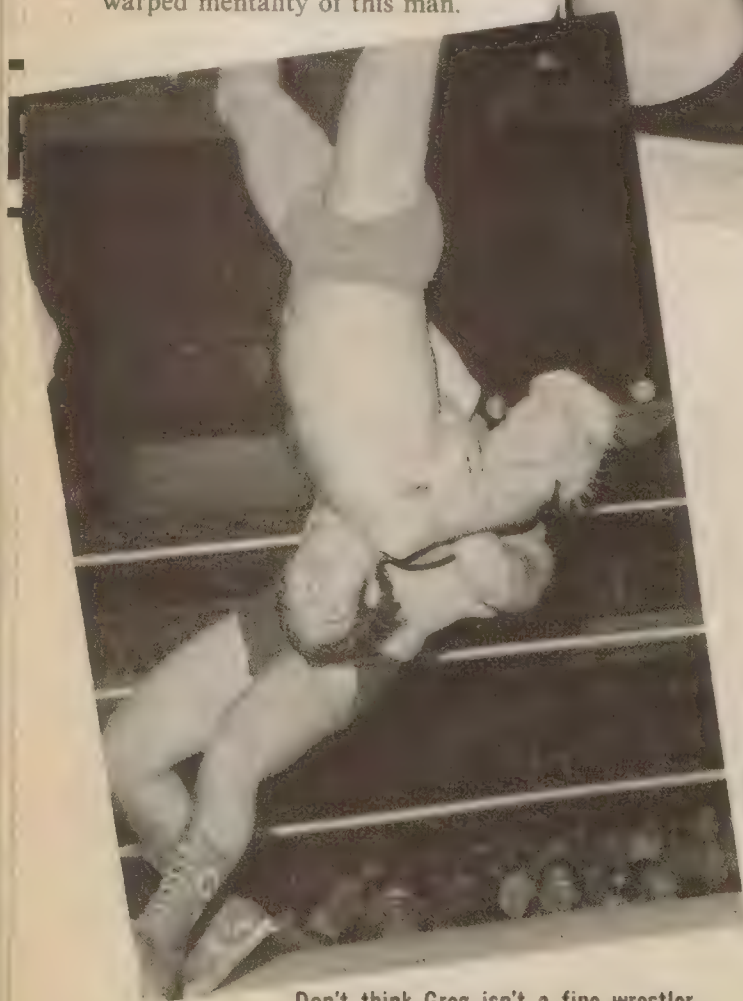




Using a devastating flying face chopper, Valentine tortures Wahoo McDaniel. This is just one of the terrifying maneuvers used by the ruthless blond terror.

**C**ERTAIN WRESTLERS GAIN a mystique which is not rooted in reality. This mystique enables them to intimidate opponents and win matches which, if all things were even, they might lose. Such a mystique is generally rooted upon ruthlessness and savagery. In the case of Greg Valentine vs. the Wrestling Community of America, he must plead guilty to all charges.

Valentine combines success and viciousness in one brutal combination. He has often declared with characteristic egotism that he is the most successful rulebreaker of his time. He is proud of it, an insight into the warped mentality of this man.



# GREG VALENTINE

From the sheen of his golden locks to the tip of his black boots, Greg Valentine is a package of dynamite ready to explode against any and all opponents. Can anyone put a stop to his vicious beatings? Does anyone dare?

Don't think Greg isn't a fine wrestler. Note what an expert suplex he applies on former NWA champion Jack Brisco.



Even when the going gets extra rough, don't think Greg Valentine will back down. Paul Jones learns that here.

This despicable attitude comes naturally to Greg. He is from one of wrestling's more vulgar families. His older brother Johnny was one of the most vicious men to ever wrestle. Younger brother Dale, a recent entry into pro wrestling, displays the same sort of Valentine meanness popularized by his brothers. Thus, the surprise would be if Greg were anything but the malevolent stinker that he is.

Unfortunately, a number of his boasts must be acknowledged as truth. With a qualification. He is quite successful. He was once NWA tag team co-titlist with Ric Flair, another man who has brought shame to the sport. They instituted deliberate maneuvers to cripple their opponents. They were in control.

That reign was ended when NWA officials, horrified at the obscene excesses these men went to, stripped them of their title.

"How can they do that to me, those ugly worms," Valentine had exploded. "We are champs and no one has a right to take the belt away from us without a fair fight. Let those crummy commissioners meet me and Ric in an alley and we'll see



**LINE:**

# BLOND TERROR



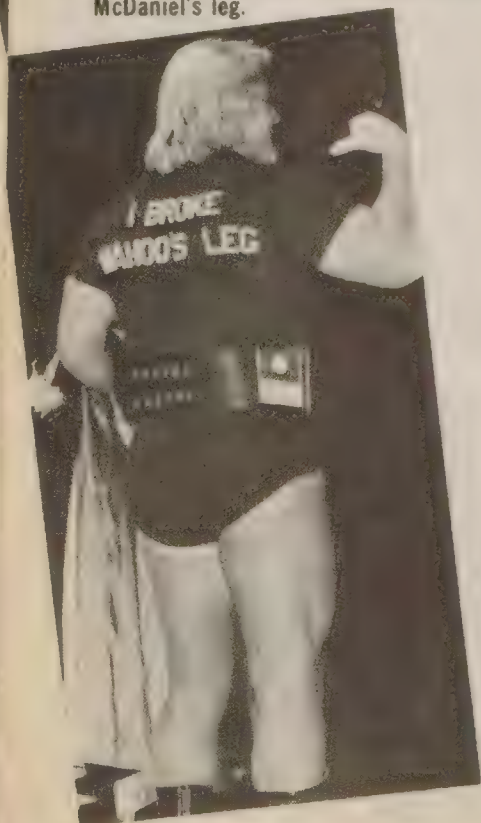
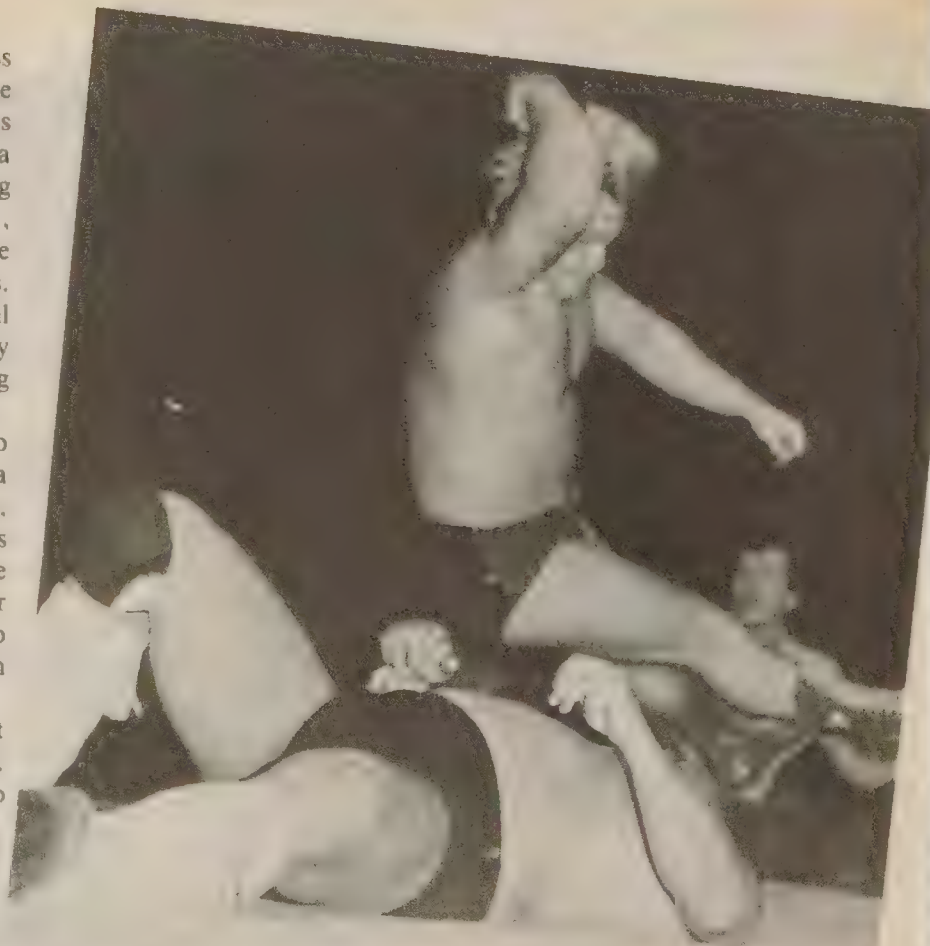
who's champ."

That is the qualification. Success can only be maintained when the instruments used for its perpetuation are accepted by a majority of the wrestling community. Officials, fans, promoters and other wrestlers are appalled at what Valentine does. Thus he can retain a title only until common sense and human decency provoke officials into stripping him of the belt.

Valentine then went to California, where he enjoyed a large measure of success. However, pressure again built upon officials to have him banned even though he didn't win a belt. Thank God for that, because Valentine pledged to defend his belt with a machine gun if he needed to.

"No one will ever take a belt away from me again," Greg vowed. "I'll kill any son-of-a-..... who tries."

Right: The flying skullcrusher is Greg's pet weapon. After weakening his opponent, Greg applies the finishing touches. Below: A T-Shirt Greg had custom made after he broke Wahoo McDaniel's leg.



The flying atomic skullcrusher is Valentine's favorite torture devise. His thick, pointed elbow comes crashing down upon his opponent's head, often rendering the foe unconscious within a few moments. Valentine enjoys using this move, but has often expressed disappointment when his opponents collapse.

"That ain't no fun. I don't want them to pass out. I want to see them bleeeed, baby. BLEED. That's my favorite part of wrestling.

To further this sickening craving, Valentine has brought horrific foreign substances into the ring.

On more than one occasion Valentine has carted a baseball bat into the ring to further his despicable maiming attempts. Another time he was handed a steel-spiked club by one of his diseased admirers and Valentine promptly chased his opponent around the

ring. He was finally disqualified by the referee, who was hiding behind a security guard at ringside.

"Other guys have fans rooting for them so I use bats. There's no difference," Valentine explained his bizarre logic. "Fans help a guy by rooting for him and giving him more confidence. No one roots for me because they're all a bunch of old sock sweat (Editor's Note: We couldn't print what he really said). I need something to equalize the matter so I bring something in. Can't anyone say something about my ingenuity?"

Something could be said, but that can't be printed either.

As if Valentine's terrible conduct isn't bad enough, he has often leaped into the stands and attacked hecklers. One such woman, 53-year-old Charlotte Banks of





Richmond, Virginia, explains.

"He's disgusting. All my children and grandchildren hate him. I was booing him because he was beating on Tim "Mr. Wrestling" Woods. I was upset. Valentine jumped over the ropes and started chasing me down the aisle. I tell you, I was never so scared in all my days as I was that night."

No one seems safe from Valentine. Whenever a writer describes one of his malicious maneuvers, that writer is likely to receive a threatening phone call. Sometimes more.

"I was sitting at my desk," said Moe Lipschitz, a sports writer for a California daily, "just typing away and the mail clerk brings up this huge package, all neatly wrapped.

"I quickly open it and am struck by the stench emanating from the package. I open up another paper and inside is a lump of garbage. Protruding out of the middle of this crap is a note from Valentine.

"Dear Moe: This is what I think of you. Accept this gift as an expression of my feelings about you and your writing. I won't be so nice next time."



Carrying a bat into the ring is something Greg will do (left). Choi Sun tries to escape from Greg's cruelty. Paul Jones tries to tie Greg up in the corner (above), but a skullcrusher stops that.

"Did you ever?" Lipschitz exclaimed disbelievingly.

There have been repeated attempts to do something about Greg Valentine. Attempts to get him banned have failed, usually because commissioners were afraid of reprisals. Attempts to keep him from introducing deadly substances in the ring also fail, primarily because his sick admirers always find a way to smuggle them into the arena.

Then what can be done about this blond terror? Is the wrestling community helpless before his disgusting rampages? Can decency not triumph over this despicable man?

Maybe this is hope. At this moment, former Sports Review editor Michael B. Kape, now president of the Institute for Fairness in Wrestling, is working on a way to get rid of Greg Valentine.

Let us all hope he is successful. □



PHOTOS BY PAUL BAUMAN



Former WWWF champion Pedro Morales locks Dick Slater in a vise-like headlock. To this day Pedro does not hold a clear cut victory over the hated Slater.

"Let the kid alone," Pedro ordered the surprised guards. Morales smiled at the boy.

"What can I do for you, son?"

"I want to be a wrestler, Mr. Morales. Can you help me?"

Pedro studied the boy's broad shoulders and thick frame. He grinned.

"I'll be working out at the 'Y' tomorrow. Come on down and I'll give you some pointers. And hey, what's your name?"

"Dick Slater, sir," the boy replied shyly.

Pedro showed Dick all the fine points he was just learning in his rookie years. Slater proved to be an agile student. He absorbed much of what Morales had to teach. And as years went by, he

# WHY PEDRO MOR AFRAID TO

**I**T WAS EARLY December, 1965. The matches were progressing normally in the large arena in Albany, New York. Through the boisterous roars of the crowd, one voice was able to penetrate the dense mass of cries.

"C'mon, Pedro, c'mon, Pedro," the young boy cried out at Pedro Morales, then a rookie sensation in the WWWF.

Morales saw the child as he left the ring and tossed a gracious wink at the youth. The boy trembled excitedly and tried to get through the barrier of guards blocking the dressing room.

"Please, please, I want to talk to Morales," the boy pleaded loudly. The guards kept their calm and gently pushed the boy away. Yet the imploring cries had filtered through the dressing room door and brought Pedro into the hallway.



Pedro goes berserk and punches repeatedly at the aching body of Slater as the action goes out of the ring. Pedro could have saved Slater from the ranks of rulebreakers had he spent more time with him.



**The past haunts Pedro Morales with its demons of failed promise and missed chances. At the core stands the strange career of Dick Slater, a study in savage contradictions that somehow Pedro feels he could have prevented. Here is why Pedro punishes himself by never trying to defeat Dick Slater**

built upon it, finally entering the pro ranks as a brilliant scientific wrestler.

It is now 1973. Pedro Morales and Dick Slater are on the same card. Morales sits in the stands, beaming proudly as Slater cleanly dissects a rulebreaker and punishes him with a dazzling array of scientific moves.

"He's quite a wrestler," Morales said happily.

innocent face, and smashes the huge trophy onto the ground. Frozen with disbelief, Morales is unable to react, unable to do anything but gaze forlornly at the shattered pieces upon the floor.

The following week Slater goes on television with what he claims is an important announcement.

"I want to apologize to Pedro

Dick Slater enters the ring to do battle with a man he once idolized, Pedro Morales.



# **RALES IS BEAT DICK SLATER**

It is now five years later. 1978. The scene is Florida. The place, a spacious arena where Pedro Morales is being awarded the Florida Television Title trophy. Morales clutches the five foot high trophy and waves to his approving fans. Out of the stands comes a rampaging figure. It is Dick Slater. He is now a rulebreaker.

"Nice trophy, Pedro," Slater smiles maliciously.

"Want to see it?" Pedro hands the trophy to his old friend. Dick stares at it, then at Morales'

Pedro bridges under the pressure of Slater who is trying to keep Pedro's shoulder on the mat for the count of "three."







Morales is about to whip Slater into the ropes. Dick met Pedro when he was a youngster in Albany and Pedro was wrestling there. When Slater began his career, he was a scientific wrestler. Now he is a feared rulebreaker.

Morales for what I did and tell him I'll bring him another trophy.'

Slater does present Morales with a substitute trophy. But it is an act of vicious defiance, for the trophy is just three inches high. Morales is furious, yet does not challenge Slater. He cannot challenge Slater. Dick has no such restraints. Finally, a match between the two is signed.

The match, the first time they had ever met, was both a testament to Morales' gracious loyalty and Slater's evil treachery. No longer the scientific wrestler but a hated

rulebreaker, Slater had to shove his development down Morales' throat, adding the torturous reminder of Pedro's teaching forever distorted.

Pedro was incapable of defending himself. Every time Slater implemented a horrific maneuver, Morales just absorbed it and never launched a real retaliation.

Slater won the match and with it the TV Florida Title. Pedro couldn't watch the presentation. He slumped back into the dressing room, his cheeks drenched with tears.

"I cannot fight him," he

whispered. "He was my pupil. I taught him so much and was so proud of him when he became a fine scientific wrestler.

"Now look at him. This is how he rewards me, by breaking my trophy and calling me dirty names and challenging me to matches.

"That is not how you reward a teacher," Pedro said sadly.

Slater seemed all too willing to deny any involvement with Morales.

"That dumb greaseball never taught me anything," Slater snapped.

Morales could only stare at the floor.

"I don't think I can ever beat him. It would hurt me too much," Morales said. □





Mil Mascaras goes berserk and chokes the Sheik with a rope. The two vowed never to combat each other after their brawl in the early '70s. This match saw the pact broken and blood spilled in hatred.

**T**HE SECRET IS out and the match is over. The vow to never wrestle each other again has been broken. Mil Mascaras and The Sheik have finally met each other for the second time. It could not be avoided.

Both men ended up in the hospital after their first match. Their hatred for each other was bigger than life. There was no way that they would face each other again. They both promised.

After many years of keeping that promise, Mil Mascaras broke down. "It

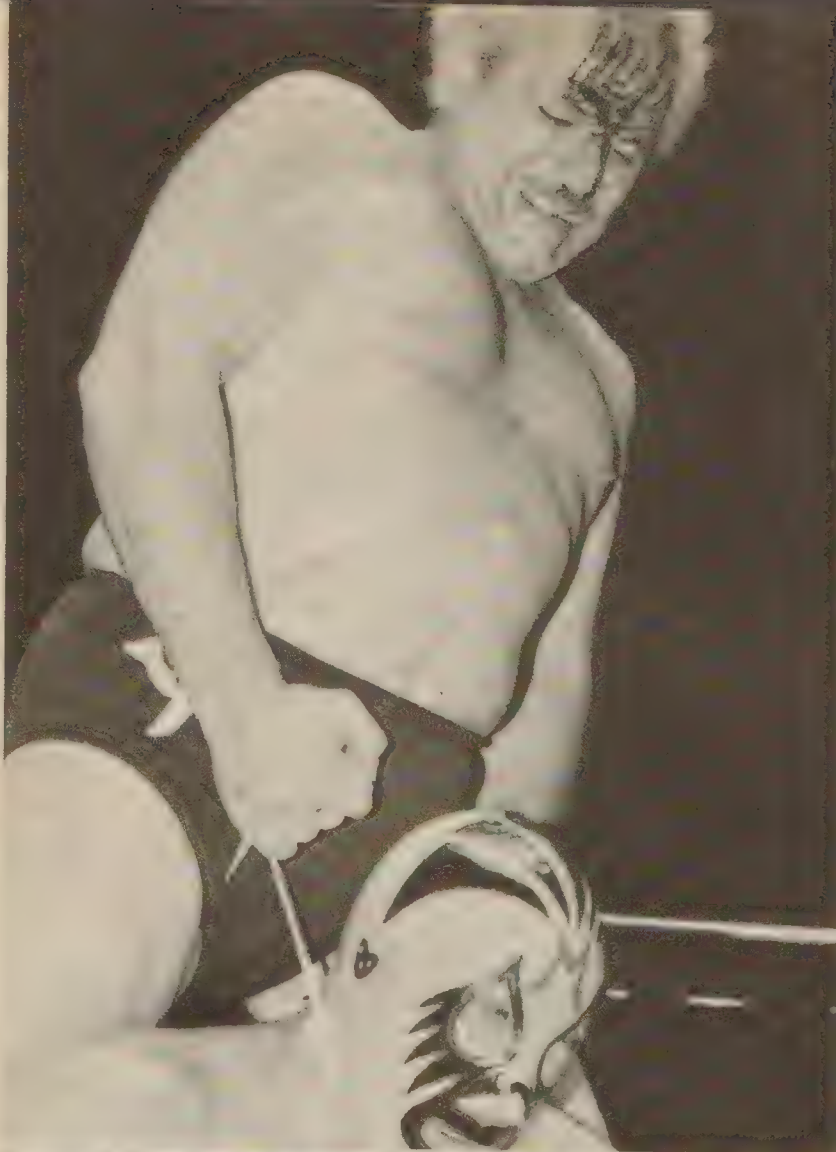
PHOTOS BY KEVIN KRON

**Mil  
Mascaras  
vs.  
The Sheik:**

# THEIR PACT IS BROKEN... IN BLOOD!

Years ago, Sheik and Mil Mascaras made a pact never to wrestle each other again. Now, this pact is broken, violated to allow one of the most horrifying matches in wrestling history. The reasons behind this are sure to shock you!





The string holding Mascaras' mask intact works against him as Sheik uses it to choke the popular Mexican star. It is hoped these two will never wrestle each other a third time for the sake of professional wrestling.

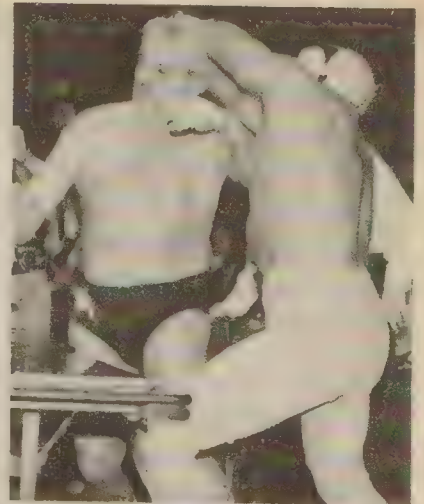
had to be done. I knew it and the fans certainly knew it. It was just a matter of time." Mil Mascaras was never so certain about anything before.

During the years of their promise, both refused large sums of money not to face each other in combat. Each man wanted the match but they both knew how dangerous it would be. They had to decide if it was worth it. It was. "When you keep such hatred inside of you for so long it just keeps building up and up. You have to let it

out sometime," said Mascaras.

There was tension building up weeks before the match was to take place. The promoters knew what to expect. Anything could happen and everything probably would. They were plain scared. But scared of what? There had been many matches set up in wrestling history where both men hated each other.

This match was different. Years ago, The Sheik had admitted that he was afraid to face Mascaras again. He said



No one has ever seen Mil Mascaras as wild as he is this night. Here he gets ready to smash Sheik's head into the press table.

that he would only kill him, nothing else. He knew that his wrestling career would be over for good so he kept putting the match off.

Mascaras had said at the same time that he would use every illegal trick in the book. He wanted to permanently cripple Sheik and put him out of business once and for all. He knew that his fans would be disappointed at his tactics and he cared about that. That was a good enough reason as any.

"I couldn't stand it," Sheik said through an interpreter. "Everyone thought that I was scared to death of that animal. That could be the joke of the year. I had to show him that I was ready for him." The Sheik was never so ready as he was then. He had to show them all.

Each man went in to kill. They both went wild. It was an ugly exhibition of wrestling cruelty. It was like watching two animals, natural enemies, locked up in a cage. The fans were scared of the outcome. The officials were even more



scared. It is not every match that you see a crew of doctors waiting at ringside with stretchers. Everyone expected the worst.

Every rule was broken. Any foreign object was used. There was not a sound from the fans. No one looked forward to this dreaded match. "We were really scared to see what would happen," said one terrified fan. It was true. Panic was all around. Everyone likes a good, action-packed match, but this one was sheer fright.

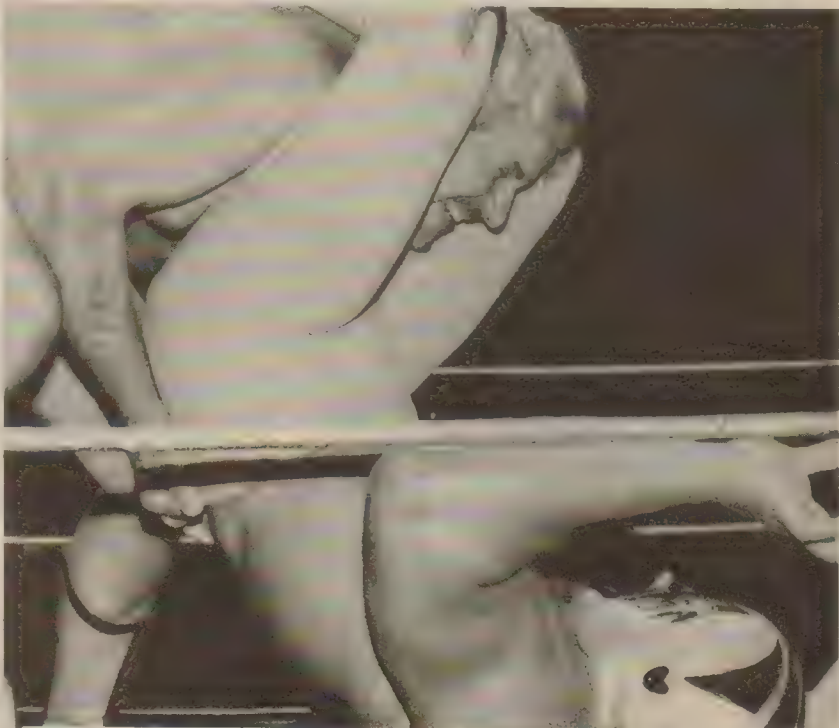
It seemed that all the hesitation about lawsuits were dropped instantly. They did not even think twice about doing whatever they wanted to do. They both knew that they could not lose. If they did, they would never be able to live with themselves.

Why was such a dreaded match signed? Why would these two men risk their chances of continuing their careers? Why couldn't they have kept their promise? I doubt we will ever know the answers to any of those questions. Maybe it was all the proposals from different promoters. Maybe it was the nasty rumors from other wrestlers saying each one was afraid. Or maybe it was the ultimate hatred that got to them. Many people say that they knew it would happen sooner or later, that it was inevitable. Others say it was just for the money.

Whatever it was, it had to have been something great and powerful for them to risk their lives. Some people still say they are glad that the match took place. Others say



Sheik moves in and tries to tear the mask from Mil's head (above) but the masked favorite is too fast for the Arabian madman. Using Mil's trunks (below) Sheik tries to pin him. Mil kicked out and Sheik went flying.



that the whole thing was "sick." Now that it is over, we can say that it will be a very long time before these two men ever face each other again. Who knows, maybe never. We can only wait. But we can all relax for now. □

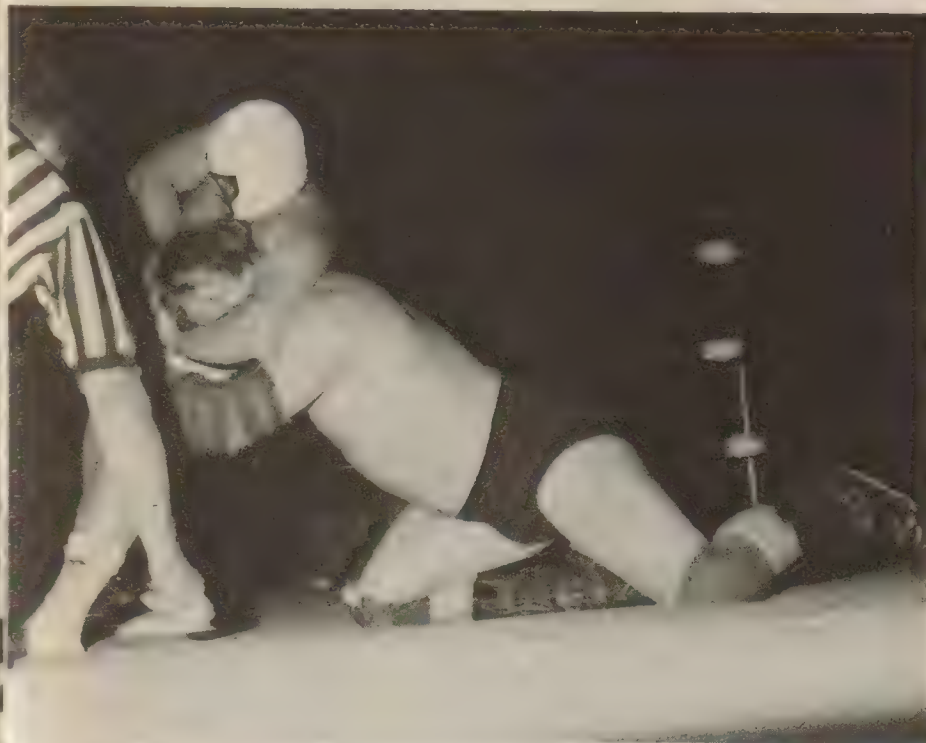




The Fans Demand...  
**MR. WRESTL**  
**UNMA**



No one thought the day would come—fans all over are calling for the beloved Mr. Wrestling II to shed his mask! Why? Will it happen? Don't answer either of those questions until you read this incredible report



Mr. Wrestling II is one of the most popular men in the entire sport. His match against Stan Hansen was one the fans wanted to see. They felt that he could end Hansen's reign of terror. Now the same legion of fans demand Mr. Wrestling II unmask and show them who he really is.

**P**ERHAPS SOME MEN require a disguise as an aid to their career. Perhaps some men feel that a mysterious mask intimidates their opponents. And probably some men feel they owe it to their fans to assume a masked appearance.

Mr. Wrestling II is just such a man. Or was such a man. Whether it is past or present is the question produced by fan reaction after his recent match against Stan Hansen.

It was an impressive victory. Mr. Wrestling II completely dominated Hansen in a manner which has not been accomplished in a long, long time. But the decision had barely been written into the record books when a petition was handed to Mr. Wrestling II as he sat in his

*(Continued on page 52)*

# WRESTLING II MUST UNMASK NOW!

PHOTOS BY GENE GORDON





# Why Andre Says: "I UNDERS LUKE GR

**A** SUPERFICIAL EXAMINATION prompted the conclusion that Andre was engaging in uncharacteristic stubbornness. His advisors were clustered about the Giant's reclining figure, their expressions one of collective disbelief.

"Don't be fooled by him," one said.

"He's not what he appears to be, Andre. You're taking a huge risk if you play into his little charade. He's just not that crazy," another friend offered.

Andre smiled gently and shook his mammoth head.

"It is a chance I must take.

Crazy Luke Graham bites open the forehead of Sonny King in a brutal match that took place in California just a short time before Luke entered the WWF areas.



**Andre the Giant is more than a superb athlete; he's one of the finest gentleman wrestling will ever know. It was this decency which kept him from sending Luke Graham to the hospital—and may wind up with Graham turning into a scientific wrestler!**



# STAND YOU, GRAHAM!"



Luke chokes the breath out of Sonny (above). In his match against Andre, the Giant prepares to pummel Luke, hoping to stun him so he can pin Luke's shoulders and end the match. Andre refused to severely injure Luke.



That is the way I am. I simply cannot change my nature," Andre said.

Again, they shook their heads and exchanged alarmed looks. They were confused. They knew that for Andre to treat Crazy Luke Graham with anything but respect was a monstrous gamble, one that could result in the Giant's first pro loss. They had spent several hours

discussing the upcoming match with Andre. Despite Graham's vicious ways, his lengthy list of crippled men, and his violent temper, Andre refused to listen to his friends' advice.

He would not take advantage of Graham. He couldn't. That was not his way.

As the match began it did appear that his advisors' unease would be borne out, and the match might indeed evolve into catastrophe.

"Hey, Andr-eeey," Luke's hostile tones stretched the name out as he danced awkwardly in his corner. "How tall are you? Five foot? You wears shoes or socks or feet or neither?" Luke chuckled maniacally and stuck his tongue out at the audience. They hooted and did anything they could to make him feel as low as the mat. A loud voice suddenly exploded from the crowd.

"Luke, you're a nut! Know what they did to nuts in Nazi Germany? They gassed 'em. They should do that to ya," the cowardly voice taunted.

Graham sneered and propelled an irrational retort at the anonymous fan. Yet it was Andre's reaction that was curious. He frowned at the section of the crowd containing the voice. It was this expression of anger that was so surprising. It is something that Andre never does. It was a clear sign of things to come.

Luke behaved like a barbarian gone berserk. He charged into Andre the moment the match began. Luke tried to gouge out

*(Continued on page 54)*





Left: Amid the jeers of fans, Ken Patera enters the ring to battle Bobo Brazil. Above: He tries to batter Bobo senseless with a flying elbowsmash.

## A LES KEN PA CAN NEVE

**U**SUALLY, A WRESTLING match will place two men of opposite temperaments and styles against each other. This allows for a clear difference, the despised rulebreaker vs. the fan favorite.

And then there is a match which pits two men representing the opposite ends of the wrestling spectrum. In fact, with Bobo Brazil and Ken Patera, they do not occupy merely the opposite ends but the extreme polar caps.

Brazil typifies the gentlemanly decency of scientific wrestling. For Brazil to commit any act of treachery is totally unheard of. He is a fine man. He is beloved by millions. He is what wrestling should produce.

Then there is Ken Patera. He is a cruel, despicable animal. He is capable of the most heinous crimes against humanity. There is absolutely no vicious act which Ken Patera wouldn't do. His sense of fair play is somewhere beneath the one-

cell animal and the brown Norway rat. No insult intended for either life-form.

"Wrestling Patera is not a pleasant chore," Brazil said. "He is everything I find repugnant about rulebreaking. I am not given to strong words, but I hate that man. That makes wrestling him interesting, for I cannot think of any other man I would enjoy beating more than Patera."

"Bobo, Bobo, Bobo, cocoa-butt, see my cocoa-butt?" Patera

**For two decades, the integrity and dignity of Bobo Brazil has been a beacon of decency for wrestlers everywhere. Bobo hoped by wrestling fairly he could change the ways of Ken Patera by example. Guessing wrong almost cost Bobo his life!**





Right: Bobo Brazil comes to do battle against the evil Ken Patera. Left: Ken tires as Bobo keeps resisting the strongman's efforts to pin his shoulders.



PHOTOS BY BILL JANOSIK

# LESSON PATERA VER LEARN

screamed in the dressing room before the bout as he pounded his head against the wall. That seemed to spur his imagination, so he continued talking. "Brazil is a whimpering, spineless dog. A gentleman? Hah. For some reason people find cowards attractive. I find them contemptuous. See, didn't think I knew words like that. Ah, what do you idiots know.

"The fans will cheer for Brazil because they are afraid of me. They wouldn't have the guts to take me on so they send this retread with half a brain after me. Good, I want to wrestle him. I look forward to smashing his ugly black face into the canvas and watching him bleed over his boots. I think he should be

beaten because *he* stands for everything I hate.

"Goody-goody little asses who don't have one ounce of guts are his only fans. Bring him on. I'm ready for the swinish worm."

The absolute savagery with which these two men pounced upon each other was unnerving. Brazil found himself at a disadvantage because he believes in using only legal tactics, something Patera is too cruel to understand. Ken immediately used a chair to attack Bobo with. Brazil laughingly evaded this illegal assault and crashed his massive fists against Patera's forehead, knocking the blond rulebreaker to the mat.

"Matches like these frighten

Below: Bobo pulls Ken into position to use his patented "Coco Butt." The tactic will knock Patera to the mat.







Left: Patera pummels Bobo from outside the ring. Above: Ken uses his great strength to his advantage. Below: Patera tries to pull Bobo's arm out of its socket.



the canvas and Brazil kicked it out of the ring. From this point on, the two raged as ferocious a battle as has ever been seen within a squared circle.

"He cannot fight like a true man," Brazil said afterward. "Men like that always need weapons, because they are afraid of fighting with their bare flesh. I cannot respect creatures like that."

Patera pounded his head against the cement wall.

"Cocoa-butt, Cocoa-butt," he laughed. "Who's afraid of a cocoa-butt? Not I. I'm the greatest wrestler in the world!"

Bobo Brazil vs. Ken Patera. This battle is over. But the war will go on. □

me," said Woodrow Percy, a veteran wrestling observer. "Guys like these two have something to prove. When they meet, anything is possible."

Patera and Brazil exchanged verbal insults as they warily eyed one another from their respective corners.

"Come on, you dumb half-

breed," Patera cried.

"Try and fight like a man Patera—if you can," Brazil retorted caustically.

Patera lunged for Brazil, wielding a foreign substance which looked from ringside like a sharp metal object. Brazil spun Patera around and ripped the object out of his hands. It fell to



They feed on each other's brutality, delighting in their partner's cruelty. The tag team of Ray Stevens and Pat Patterson is a disgrace to scientific wrestling and a threat to every decent grappler in the world. To know them is to hate them!

# PATTERSON + STEVENS = REIGN OF TERROR



While Ray Stevens holds Billy Robinson, Pat Patterson chokes away to his heart's delight. Stevens and Patterson are an experienced duo. Their methods of tag team torture cannot be equaled by any team.

**T**HE RECENT PAIRING of Ray Stevens and Pat Patterson as tag team partners marks yet another bewildering chapter in their strange story.

Many years ago, when both

Stevens and Patterson were wrestling in the NWA in San Francisco, they engaged in one of wrestling's most terrifying bloodbaths. No trick, no deceitful act, no amount of

treachery was beneath them as they sought to dismember each other. The thought of them ever becoming friends was considered inconceivable.

Then, as usually happens, the inconceivable occurred. They became friends and formed a tag team. Things were going well for a while, then the suppressed hatred exploded and they began tearing at each other's throats during one match.

Again they split. Now, lest this become repetitious, it can be safely said that they have become friends, then enemies, then friends, again enemies, and so on and so forth, about 12 or 15 times in their careers. Thus their recent partnership, after a long lapse, bears closer scrutiny.

In addition to that, the terror they are spreading in the wrestling arenas of the country





Above: Robinson tries to suplex Patterson into a pin position, but Stevens' "Bombs Away" will thwart Billy's efforts. Above right: Patterson chokes Rufus R. Jones. Below: An armbar by Patterson stops Rufus in his tracks.



is another interesting facet. When they wrestle individually, Stevens and Patterson are not total villains. Sometimes they are booed and sometimes they are cheered. Especially Stevens, who has gained a larger following as the years progress.

What accounts for this individual decency and collective savagery?

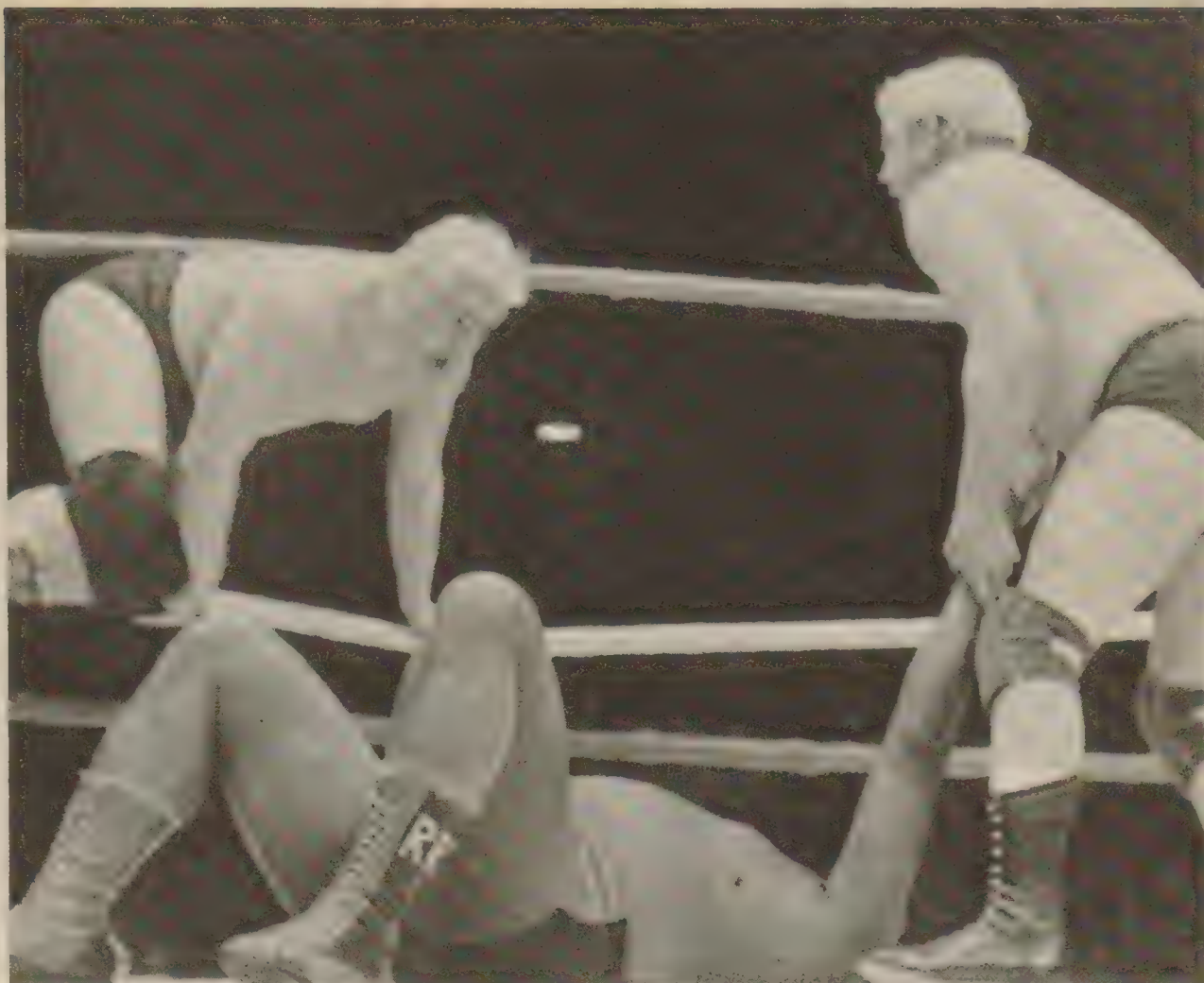
"We just bring out the best in each other," Stevens cackled. "When the two of us get together we just like to have some fun and bust some heads. Hey, what's so bad about that?"

"We're good friends. People have been trying to stir up bad blood between us for a long time," Patterson said. "But we like each other. And we make fine partners."

But that doesn't explain why, when they wrestle apart, they show restraint in their tactics.

"They give each other more confidence when they're teaming up," a promoter said. "The most important part of a tag team is having confidence in your partner. They trust each other a lot, a whole lot considering how many times they've tried to pull out their tongues and eyes."





Stevens and Patterson gave an exhibition of their ruthlessness in a recent match against Billy Robinson and Rufus R. Jones. Their conduct was disgraceful, to say the very least. They broke every rule and committed every unspeakable act upon Robinson and Jones.

Patterson leaped in and pummeled Jones while Stevens held the struggling man. Then Patterson and Stevens took turns pounding Jones' helpless frame. Robinson tried to help, but his efforts were countered by even more dual evilness.

"That's why we're so effective, baby," Stevens said. "We'd never let each other down."

But it has happened before. There are serious doubts about the sincerity of their partner-

ship. Doubts which drive them to apoplectic indignation.

"That's why we were enemies, because people keep saying how we hate each other," Stevens screamed. "We're good friends and we'll keep smashing skulls until someone tries and stops us."

"We are the greatest thing to hit wrestling since ropes," Patterson declared. "Nothing could break us up."

But why, guys, don't you demonstrate savagery when you're wrestling apart?

"I like to save the fun stuff for when I'm with Ray," Patterson explained. "He's my good buddy and it's no fun roughing someone up unless you got a friend to share it with."

The intriguing aspect of all this is that fans still react in the

Stevens holds Rufus' arm while Patterson jumps into the ring to help Ray make Rufus regret the day he agreed to wrestle them.

same manner when they watch them apart. Yet they are subjected to venomous taunts when they're partners.

"Fans don't mean nothin' to us," Stevens said. "They're so damn fickle, they don't know what's coming off. I don't care if they boo me. What does that matter as long as I, I mean we, win."

"We'll do whatever we want and to hell with whatever anyone says. We're through listening to asses who only want to break up our friendship. To hell with them."

And, it seems from the initial invasion of the arenas, to hell with their opponents, □



# Apartment Wrestling Battle of the Month:

## WHIRL

The advantage  
turns as the  
sensuous warriors  
tear at each other  
in savage fury.







# POOL OF TERROR!

Caryn's beauty was second only to her battling splendor. Then, for no reason, her abilities vanished and her glory disappeared. With a desperation most mortals can never understand, Caryn took on the battle of her life to save her life!

**H**AD TO GET AWAY. Keep running. Why did her legs give out? Why was she falling? Struggle to get up again. The banshee screams are louder, close. Fallen again. It's too dark to see. Feel their claws, hear their breathing, smell their bloodlust. Can't scream. Why can't she defend herself? What's wrong? What's wrong? When Caryn awoke, her heart was pounding and tears streaked her face. The nightmare was familiar by now. Terror had become a nocturnal companion. It wouldn't require a psychiatrist to explain why. At one time, about six months ago, Caryn was one of the most admired apartment wrestlers. Business executives would change meetings so they wouldn't conflict with matches. One famous author pushed back publication date of a novel so the press party wouldn't be on the same night as Caryn's battle. It was the best of all possible worlds.

Then it all fell apart. For no reason, Caryn fell to foes that were far from her equals. For some inexplicable reason, her timing was off, her movements were sluggish, and her strategies were wrong at the wrong times. For six months,

she lost match after match. It made no sense and no one could find a reason for it.

Caryn doubled her exercise regimen. She tried fad diets, hypnosis, meditation, and even broke up with her boyfriend. Nothing worked. She kept losing. Friends gave advice. Someone even filmed her match and she went over it frame by frame, backwards and forwards. Technically, there appeared to be nothing wrong. Perhaps there was a little hesitancy, a lack of command in her movements, but that could be blamed on loss of confidence. Physically, (Continued on page 56)



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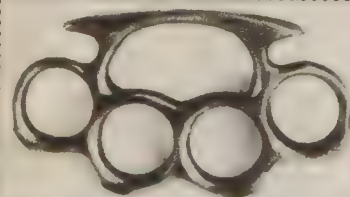


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## THE TATTLER

(Continued from Page 8)

himself is Dick Murdoch, currently the Missouri state champion. Dick just defended his crown against Jack Brisco in a bloody, ruthless bout. Believe me, if you want to see wrestling at it's best, come to St. Louis!

—Buddy Ford

**TAMPA, FLA.**—The only cloud in the Sunshine State these days is Bob Roop. Bob recently returned to this area, and most fans can't wait for the day he leaves. Roop joins Dick Slater and Killer Karl Kox as the most hated thing down here since the killer frost.

So far, Roop has been more mouth than action. He has yet to win a major victory over such top stars as Ivan Putski or the Briscos. True, he has yet to lose to any of those men either.

According to Roop, he will be NWA champion before the end of this summer. Even though I hate to admit it, Roop certainly has the talent necessary to win the belt. If only he wasn't so damn hateful.

—Barry Simon

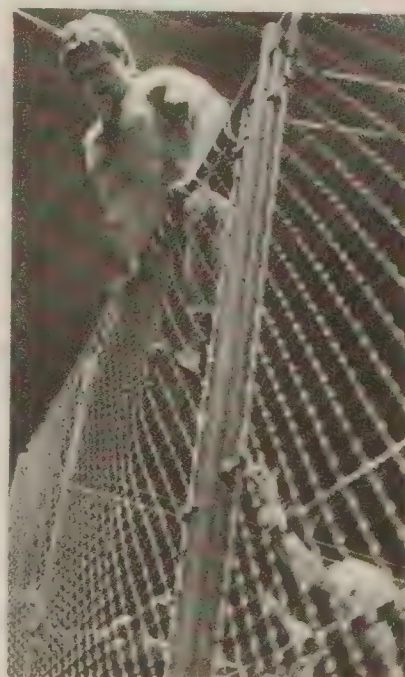
**DETROIT, MICH.**—Detroit wrestling continues to be summed up in one word—Sheik.

Recently, Sheik met perhaps his toughest challenge in years, the ruthless Ox Baker. Many matches have transpired between these two men, with the only tangible result being a spilling of blood. These bouts are closer to ancient religious sacrifices than they are to wrestling events.

Also new to the area is Bugsy McGraw, a man whom many

fans feel is certifiably insane. Between Bugsy, Sheik, and Ox Baker, it seems as if it would be better to hold the matches in a psycho ward instead of an arena.

—Leroy Jackson



**BACKLUND  
VS.  
GRAHAM**

**NEW YORK, N.Y.**—Even his most rabid critics, even those who felt he never deserved to be champion, are finally recognizing Bob Backlund as the great athlete he is.

Bob's recent cage match triumph over former WWWF champion Superstar Graham leaves no doubt in anyone's mind about the excellence of Bob's abilities. For Backlund, this was his very first cage match. Graham had wrestled in 117 cage matches in the past, winning 98 of them. Wrestling oddsmakers had made



Graham a 3-1 favorite to regain his title in this type of match.

Yet, when it was all over, it was Bob Backlund who left the cage with the WWF belt. And it was Superstar Billy Graham who lay prone on the mat, his face bathed in blood.

It was definitely the most inspirational victory of Backlund's short reign as WWF champion.

—Allison Corey

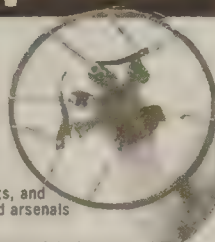
**S**T. PAUL, MINN.—There is still a majesty about Verne Gagne which is as difficult to describe as it is breathtaking to see. Here is this athlete, in his third decade of wrestling activity, showing virtually no signs of aging. It was once said that Gagne would wrestle until he's 65; now they are saying he will wrestle forever. No wonder Gagne was recently voted top athlete of the century by the World Sports Foundation. Congratulations, Verne, on a well-deserved honor.

Meanwhile, things are going less than perfectly for Verne's son, Greg. Greg has now wrestled Nick Bockwinkel a total of 11 times over the past two months. Needless to say, Greg has not taken Nick's belt. Rumor has it that after the last bout between the two, Greg was so discouraged he asked the AWA commissioners to put him on the temporary retired list. Father Verne, upon hearing of Greg's request, talked to his son for over two hours. After their conference, Greg withdrew his retirement request. It's a story we'll keep a close eye on.

—Charles F. Amberson

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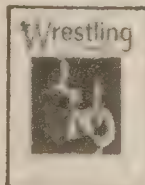
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## MAILBAG

(Continued from Page 10)



Harley Race tries to put Bob Backlund to sleep (above). Should Bob have been forced to wrestle Race? Mike Graham poses with Steve Keirn (below). They hold the U.S. tag team title. The title may be doing them more harm than they think.



Backlund didn't have his heart into this and he had lost. He should determine who he wrestles, not Graham.

What would have happened if Race had beat Backlund, won the WWWF belt and then refused to wrestle up here? The fans would have been deprived of a champion because of a dumb contract.

STU SAKS  
Plainview, N.Y.

### AN AID, NOT A HANDICAP

I read with interest your article, "The Glory That Can Lead To Doom" (May 1978), in reference to the tag team combination of Steve Keirn and Mike Graham. I totally disagree with the statement that they are doomed in single competition because of their decision to remain as tag team partners.

Being on a tag team does not weaken a wrestler's skills for individual competition. On the contrary, it aids him in further developing as an individual

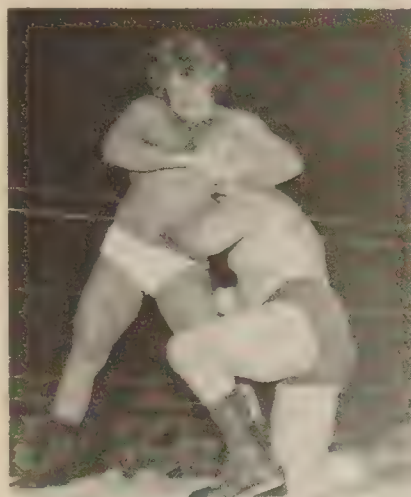
### DON'T FORCE HIM

It wasn't fair that they forced Bob Backlund to honor Superstar Graham's contract match against Harley Race. What would have happened if



wrestler since his skills are greatly sharpened. In a tag team match a wrestler's strategy must be at it's peak, more so than in single competition since one partner depends on the other during the match. Therefore, I feel that Steve and Mike's individual wrestling talents will be strengthened as a result of teaming together rather than diminished as the article implies.

DEBORAH JEAN SALADINI  
Clifton, N.J.



In a single match, Mike Graham punishes Rock Hunter. Mike has been wrestling less and less in single matches so he can concentrate on defending the tag team belts.

#### GETTING BORED

Where are all the new faces in wrestling? I'm getting bored seeing the same old tired bodies trudging out every night. Has the stockpile dwindled so that we are left with has-beens and never-weres?

I believe that many young wrestlers have turned against pro wrestling because of the horrible violence that goes unchecked. I think those rulebreakers are doing a disservice to the sport. If I were a young man again I'd think twice about entering the pro ranks.

NED SWERSKY  
Skokie, Ill. ☐

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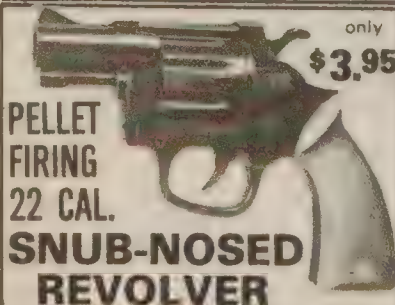
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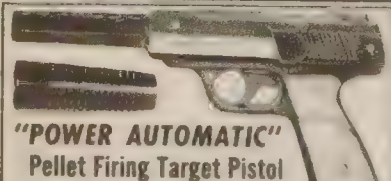
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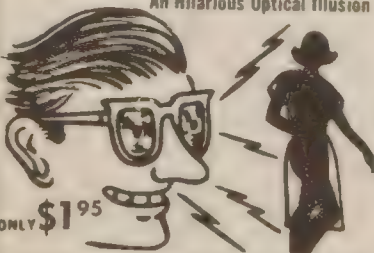
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## WE ACCUSE

(Continued from Page 12)

mental competency of a Steele or an Abdullah. Their bizarre, self-destructive actions are persuasive evidence that they simply do not know what they are doing, that they are little more than deformed puppets for the exploiting promoters.



Is eating turnbuckles a normal, healthy act? Is mumbling incoherently to a simple question the act of a rational man? Is eating human flesh the sign of a normal human being? If any of these men were observed engaging in that sort of behavior in public, they would be placed under immediate psychiatric supervision.

Yet they do engage in exactly this sort of madness in the ring. Why is that allowed within the ropes and not outside the squared circle? The element of danger, both to opponents and

Left: George "The Animal" Steele is out to lunch and his main course is the arm of Bruno Sammartino. Below: Bugsy McGraw delights in choking Mr. Wrestling.





themselves, is as real, no matter where the event occurs.

But it does go on, fueled by the greed of promoters insensitive to any human emotions, much less the pathetic plight of mental incompetents.

For the sole purpose of money, these poor men are being used. They will soon be discarded once their dwindling cerebral reserves completely



Come on promoters! How can you permit a lunatic like "Crazy" Luke Graham into your arena knowing what he is capable of doing.

disappear. Then they will serve no purpose to the ruthless wrestling masters. They will be found in some state-supported mental institution, unable to function at all.

This is a disgrace and it must be stopped. Repeat. It must end.

We accuse you, fat cats laughing in your Cadillacs and stately suburban homes. We accuse you of unspeakable crimes against the most helpless of all men.

We accuse you of cruelty to your own subjects. It must stop. ☐

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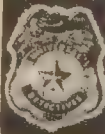
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# WRESTLER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 14)



One of his most grueling title encounters is against Wahoo McDaniel (above). Although he took a terrible beating, Harley Race refused to give up. Race (right) has held the title much longer than the experts predicted.

leave the match with the belt" . . . Jack Brisco will never forget that night. Neither will the fans.

"I'm really glad about this here award, I really am," said Race when informed about our decision. "The only complaint I have is that it is long overdo, but I will forget that now. I have the belt and now this award. What next?"

Just by the sound of his voice we can all start to wonder what Harley Race has in mind. Some people are not satisfied with what they have. They want it all. Harley Race has

proven himself worthy of this title. Perhaps he'll go after both the AWA and WWF belts. One thing is for certain, when he walks into an arena, he walks in wearing not only the NWA belt, but he carries the essence of confidence.

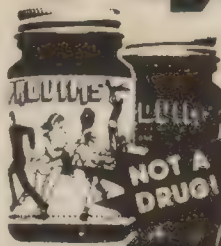
Many people don't think Harley Race has the ability to hold onto the title much longer. He is certainly trying to prove them wrong. Harley has the belt now and he plans to have it for a long, long time. That is why Harley Race is our "Wrestler of the Month." □





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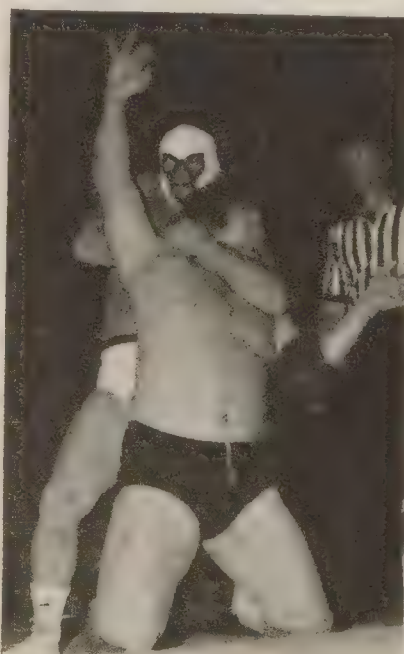
## The Fans Demand

(Continued from Page 33)

dressing room.

"My name is Theodore S. Halpern," the slender, middle-aged man said hesitantly. "This document is signed by five hundred of your fans. I am awaiting more petitions in the mail and we estimate that we might collect as many as five thousand before this is over.

"Sir, on behalf of your loyal fans, we implore you. Don't use



The masked man gives Hansen a beating he won't soon forget. If the pressure from the fans becomes too hot, Mr. Wrestling II may be forced to shed his mask!

the mask anymore. You are good enough without it."

Mr. Wrestling II stared in silent astonishment as the fan became embarrassed.

"I don't mean any disrespect, sir. You understand that."

"I do."

"But most wrestlers who use a mask need it. You don't. That's all I have to say, sir. Please take that into consideration."

Mr. Wrestling II sat for a long, thoughtful while. Sighing disturbedly, he went over to his locker and removed several of his masks. He fingered them, almost caressing the soft fabric with the tip of his fingers. He sighed again and carried two of the masks back to his stool.

There was another troubled silence, punctuated by several sighs. The Masked Man rose and put the masks back into the locker. He slammed the metal door shut and whirled around, his chest muscles straining.

"What that fan said to me is very interesting," he said. "I have thought about it for a while now. But this petition," he glanced down at the paper which lay on the table, "gives me more food for thought.

"When I first started wrestling I did not own a mask. I felt strange wrestling like that, so I tried it one night and felt some sort of mystical power come over me. I won that evening and have been quite successful ever since.

"My fans loved me for it and I believe my opponents were terrified by my various masks. After a while, wearing a mask became the most natural thing in the world to me. But I always wondered.

"I began wondering if it was a crutch. I wondered whether I could be as good if I burnt all the masks. That has been bothering me for some time.

"People have all sorts of crutches in life. I don't ever want to view my masks as a crutch. I admit I have been afraid.

"It is a scary thing to take a gamble like this. I was never certain how the fans would react or how I would do in the



ring. Now that I have seen the fans' reactions, which I deeply respect, I must make a decision. Soon."

Mr. Wrestling II carefully folded the petition and reopened the locker. He placed the petition in his jacket pocket, but his gaze fell upon the masks. He picked one up and carried it back to the stool.

"They have been like a part of me. I have viewed them with love. Do I so easily give this up? I don't know if I can just throw them away.



Mr. Wrestling (Tim Woods) unmasked before our cameras. Now the fans want Mr. Wrestling II to do the same.

"But I know I can't do this half-way. I can't go unmasked for a while and then return to it. That's not the way it must be done.

"I must decide one way or the other. Once and for all. To go unmasked and risk losing the qualities the masks have given me.

"Or believe that the man who wins these matches over the rulebreakers is just as good without the mask. The fans have spoken. Now I must decide."

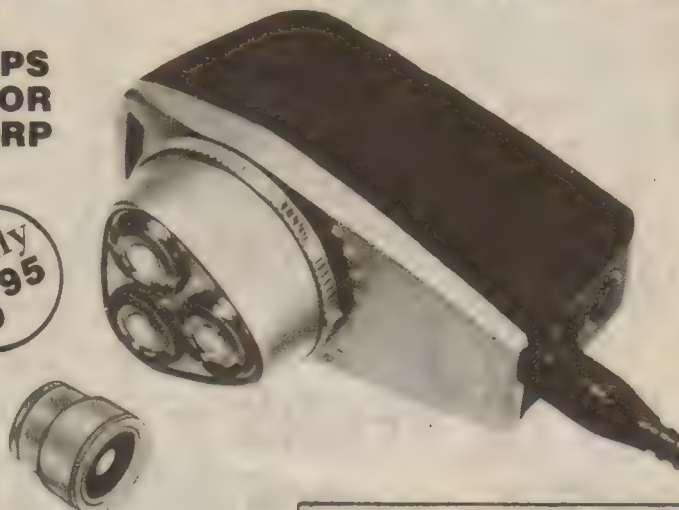
Mr. Wrestling II put his masks in a specially constructed bag in his locker. He tied them up. And closed the door, sighing sadly.

What will he do? ☐

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## Andre Says

(Continued from Page 35)

Andre's eyes and knee him in the groin.

The Giant responded with a fluid scientific move, then stopped. Graham's irrational mind told him to leave the ring and yell at the ringside fans. Andre merely shook his head and waited for Graham.

This became repetitious as the match progressed. Graham would come lurching into Andre and Andre would toss him aside. Luke would then run from the ring, returning just in time to avoid being counted out.

Finally, when it appeared that Andre had enough of this, he took a giant step forward. Graham froze and



Tearing at the face of Tony Rocco becomes fun for Luke. Many believe he should be in a psychiatric hospital—not wrestling!



leaped out of the ring again. This time he decided to stay there, and he was counted out, much to the delight of the crowd.

Often the wrestling match is secondary to the human interplay which surrounds the event. On this particular evening, the combination of decency and integrity produced an act of warmth rarely equaled anywhere outside the ring, outside the arena, within the world.

Once Andre had towed himself off and taken a shower, he quickly dressed and brushed past his friends. They tried to speak to him but he was thoughtfully pre-occupied with this task he so carefully prepared himself for.

Walking down the hallway, alone, Andre rapped on Luke Graham's door. There was a defiant command to enter, but Andre didn't. He knocked again, which produced a rageful bellow followed by the swift opening of the door.

"Yeah, whadya want!" Luke said, surprised by Andre's visit and somewhat afraid he would be attacked.

"I wouldn't hurt you, Luke."

"That's because ya can't, ya stupid oaf."

Andre maintained that gentle smile.

"I wanted to win because I owe it to my fans. But I wouldn't take advantage of you. Ever. I just want you to know that I understand." Andre whirled and walked away, leaving Luke Graham's hostile face to scowl it's ugly disbelief. □

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# WHIRLPOOL OF TERROR

(Continued from Page 43)



find opponents, as many young women value their looks. Lindsey's flashing nails are like 10 tiny swords that slash at a victim's face and body, often turning beauties into bloody horrors. Her last eight foes surrendered within five minutes of the match. The majesty of her fury is legend.

Friends tried to dissuade Caryn from taking the match. In view of her past failures, wrestling Lindsey would be equivalent to suicide. Caryn needed confidence, not war. Their pleas were appreciated but ignored. Caryn needed a real victory or nothing. Defeating



Left: Caryn uses her super body as a weapon as Lindsey is dragged across the carpet on her belly. Above: Lindsey is airborne as Caryn's legs catapult the blonde across the penthouse room.

nothing was wrong. No one could explain this astonishing collapse.

With the tension of tomorrow eating at her bones, Caryn spent many sleepless nights the victim of nightmares. She grew haggard, scared, unsure of herself in any situation. Finally, there came a time of now or never. Caryn would either win her next match or quit. At least

the humiliation of losing would be over.

The opponent she picked was no easy foe. If this was to be Caryn's last match, she would go out against the best. In Chicago, the best is Lindsey.

This blonde beauty is renown throughout apartment wrestling. Her cold ferocity has brutalized many of the best lovelies in the spectacle. It's difficult for her to

Lindsey would provide a real victory.

From all over the world, admirers and colleagues sent advice and best wishes. As the night of the match grew nearer, Caryn ignored them all. She retreated into herself, trying to dredge up the greatness she knew lay buried within her. There was a maniacal intensity

(Continued on page 58)



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## WHIRLPOOL OF TERROR

(Continued from Page 56)

in this, driving friends away in fear. Every once in a while, Caryn would start to shake uncontrollably.

Lindsey was kept informed of this. It didn't take a prophet to see this was going to be a remarkable event. Lindsey is smart enough to know that a

madwoman is the most dangerous of all opponents; there is no method to her wild moves and strategy. A lady like Caryn could maim and not even know it. Driven to the brink by a failure she can't understand, Caryn might be totally out of control. Lindsey wasn't worried.



Lindsey's fingers are dangerous stilettos as they claw at Caryn's face. The brunette beauty writhed in agony as she tried to escape the terrifying clutches of this most dangerous grappler. At this point, Caryn's friends feared the troubled athlete would go berserk.



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The blonde had the poise of a lion tamer, able to battle against the most ferocious of beasts. Her instincts and concentration were such that any reckless action could be countered. It was this ability, even more than her superb physical gifts, that made her known throughout the sport as the toughest of competitors. Her cruelty made her one of the most feared.

The night of the match, Caryn seemed to be totally absorbed within herself. Friends worried she couldn't find her way to the penthouse; they picked her up and drove her there. She ignored everyone, mumbled to herself in some strange language meant to communicate with no one. It was as close to madness as a human being can get without going over the edge. Her best friend begged the others to cancel the bout. Another close friend feared if the bout was called off, Caryn's sanity would never return. "She isn't crazy," he believed, "just organizing all her forces for battle. Let her have this moment. It can always be stopped. If I think she's helpless, I'll pull Lindsey off her myself. She won't be hurt. I swear to that."

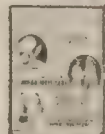
When Caryn got to the bedroom, she threw off her clothes and quickly donned her bikini. This was followed by a series of exercises. Beads of sweat trickled down the brunette's voluptuous body; her motions became relaxed and wiry. This was no madwoman, not now. Here stood a magnificent athlete, every fibre of being tingling with energy. If every woman has a moment of manificence, this was Caryn's. She was the ultimate physical being prepared to strike.

Lindsey knew nothing of this as she donned her bikini. Every movement was cautious, slow,

(Continued on page 62)



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74 YRBK #8



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76 YRBK #17



77 YRBK #20



78 YRBK #23



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74 YRBK #6



74 YRBK #9



75 YRBK #12



76 YRBK #15



77 YRBK #18



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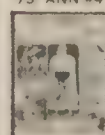
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**BEN  
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# WHIRLPOOL OF TERROR

(Continued from Page 59)

calm. The blonde joked with friends, reminisced about other nights and other matches. Sounds of conversation drifted into the bedroom as the elite from all over gathered for this remarkable confrontation. There was no fear of the upcoming battle. "Caryn can be looney," she told friends, "but that doesn't make her a winner. I'm better than she is, especially now. The woman isn't in a slump. She's finished. I'm going to beat her so bad, it'll be the last

devoured her opponent, consuming every limb and muscle in a gaze terrifyingly horrible. She was more than concentrating—she was obsessed.

The signal was given for the match to begin. For an instant, Caryn stopped shaking and stood stock-still. Everyone stared and the room appeared as fixed as a photograph. Then, a hideous shriek broke out from Caryn's throat. Nothing was still again.

With a remarkable bound, Caryn leaped on her opponent. Lindsey locked her arms around this astonishing foe and the two beauties fell to the ground. Caryn moved with genius; there was no mad recklessness now. Her hands and feet moved with symphonic grace and Lindsey felt the searing pain of twisted limbs, scratched flesh and mauling fury in the most tender places. The blonde used every ounce of strength and intelligence to survive this assault. She barely made it, but she did.

Somehow, in the maelstrom of intense action, Lindsey managed to escape. She retreated to the far side of the room, hoping for a moment to collect her thoughts. Caryn gave her only an instant. Lindsey didn't need any more.

With lightning reflexes, Lindsey whipped her foot until it slammed into Caryn's belly. As the brunette doubled over, Lindsey brought her fist down hard into Caryn's neck. The brunette fell to her knees, her body groggy from assault. Somehow, she found the strength to grab Lindsey's legs and flip the blonde backwards. The beauty crashed to the ground, momentarily stunned.



Lindsey's powerful hands grab Caryn's bikini halter, mauling and crushing the brunette's voluptuous breasts. Caryn's cries filled the room.

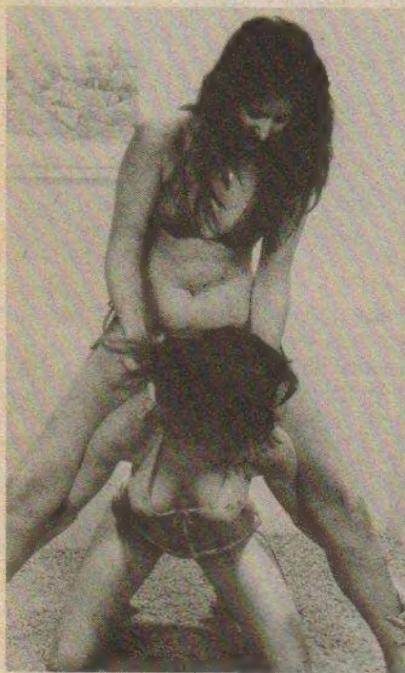
time Caryn is even thought of in apartment wrestling. You can bet on it." Many people did. Over \$20,000 would change hands on this night.

The moment of truth arrived. Caryn shook violently as she entered the room. Her glassy eyes told everyone she saw nothing—until Lindsey appeared. Then Caryn's eyes



Caryn rolled away to collect her senses.

The most breathtaking moment in apartment wrestling was next seen by the lucky spectators. The two magnificent Amazons stood facing each other, tall and proud with sweat streaking their voluptuous frames. Then they stalked toward each other, lionesses contesting supremacy. Those electric moments when they neared each other right up until their exquisite bodies met in a crash of flesh were the most awesome ever witnessed. Those who have never known that tension will never understand



Caryn is an erotic colossus as she towers over Lindsey. The blonde's hands desperately claw at her foe's calves and thighs.

erotic savagery.

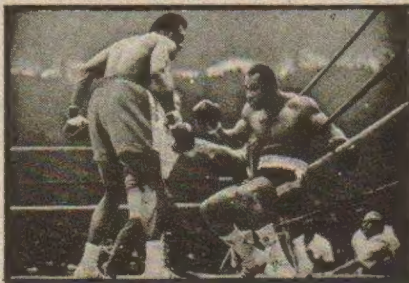
As their flesh smacked together in a collision of hatred, the warriors tore at each other with abandon. Every muscle was hard with fury as they grabbed and pounded and slashed, using all their womanly knowledge to search and torment the most vulnerable places. Their grunts

(Continued on page 64)

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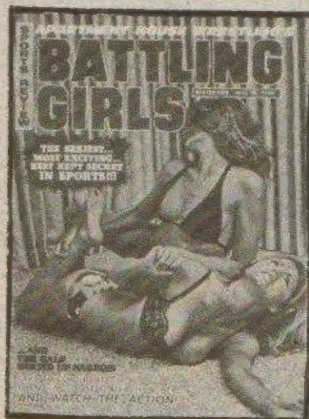
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## WHIRLPOOL OF TERROR

(Continued from Page 63)

and moans were the only sounds in the room.

They fell to the carpet. Each battler struggled for advantage in this whirlwind of action and brutality. Each movement was an attempt to maim and cripple, as they tore away at each other. The sensuous fury of their actions was almost horrifying in its magnificence.

It would be impossible to chronicle the events in any order. The action was so fast and furious, so complex, that even a movement by movement report couldn't communicate this ferocity. As the beauties waged their incredible war, all rational senses seemed suspended.

Even highlighting the match couldn't communicate the wonder of this awesome struggle. How can one describe the intense brutality of the moment when Caryn stood straddled over the kneeling Lindsey as Lindsey's fingers dug into the flesh of Caryn's thigh. In this position, the two women scuttled grotesquely across the carpet; Caryn wrenching her victim's head almost completely around as Lindsey's nails tore at muscle and flesh. Their grunts of rage and pain intermingled into a hideous duet.

It's almost impossible to describe the awesome motion during the battle Lindsey made to double Caryn over. Caryn's legs and Lindsey's arms moved with lightning quickness as the two struggled, one to conquer and the other to escape. The swirl of motion, the slap of flesh and muscle, the oddly beautiful jerking movements were stunning examples of a human being's sheer physicality.

The match continued at its breathless pace, neither woman



Lindsey's talon fingers scratch Caryn's face and breast (above) as the blonde becomes an exquisite torture machine. Caryn tries to writhe free but only topples to the carpet in agonizing terror (below).



giving or getting mercy. One could see they were hurt as maneuvers grew stilted and harsh. There was an ugliness to the match now, a cold hatred driving every tactic. Caryn no



longer feared for her ability; there was no more slump. The only thing on her mind was victory. One could see the determination in her blazing eyes.

The battled waged on, taking more and more of a toll on the beauties. Their voluptuous frames were mottled with black-and-blue marks, and their heavy breathing echoed throughout the room. Agony etched itself into their exquisite faces, distorting features into a grotesque mask. This couldn't continue. The end had to come.

Exhausted, barely able to move, Lindsey made one last desperate attempt to win. She grabbed Caryn's hair and threw the victim across the room. Caryn crashed into the wall, flopping to the carpet as if shot. Her movements from that moment on were powerless jerks of a will no longer to command the body.

Lindsey had also fallen to the carpet, stumbling from the force of her own maneuver. Groggily, she got to her feet, somehow made her way to her victim, and fell upon the pitiful beauty. The match was over.

Lindsey rolled off her victim, and lay exhausted by her side. At the moment, one realized there was no real winner or loser, just a conclusion. Both women were glorious in battle. Any outcome was incidental.

Caryn's friends were heartbroken, however. They believed Caryn would need a victory or go mad. But an hour later, when the weary woman was able to talk, she put their mind at ease.

"This was a great match," she realized, "one of the best ever. That means I was great. So there's no need to believe I'm in trouble any longer. I'm back and ready to reclaim my place. Everything's going to be alright." □

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